

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1968

Dedication

This edition of PER ANNOS is dedicated to Miss Gillard in grateful appreciation for all that she has done for us, and all that she has tried to do to help us to live up to the best that is in us. On her departure from King's Hall she takes with her our love, and respect for the qualities which have made her such an important influence in the lives of all Comptonites.

Per Annos

June 1968



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'FORTY YEARS ON...'

How often over the years we have heard these words and with what mingled feelings! For the seniors, who each year were leaving King's Hall, the words must often have been laden with the strange and unutterable longing one has when familiar persons and surroundings are soon to become but a treasured memory. And for the 'Old Girls' — mothers and grandmothers — what nostalgic feelings for them as they hear again the well-known words in the familiar setting.

But this year, for one in particular, the old school-leaving song will have a new and poignant significance — for Dr. Gillard is leaving too! Her time of retirement has come.

For many hundreds of girls it will be almost impossible to think of King's Hall without 'Gilly,' as she is affectionately known to the pupils and to generations of Old Girls. For almost forty years Dr. Adelaide Gillard has provided unique leadership at King's Hall. During her long term of office great developments have taken place. This fine old School has moved from strength to strength over the years and its assured position as a centre of Christian culture and education, has long been evidenced by its capacity enrolment.

In 1961 Miss Gillard was given a D.C.L. (Honoris Causa) by Bishop's University, Lennoxville, for her outstanding leadership in the scholastic world and for her great contribution to the cause of education in her capacity as Principal of King's Hall. Perhaps the climax of Dr. Gillard's career at the School took place in June of last year when the splendid new residence 'Gillard House' was officially opened. On this occasion she received from the Hon. J. G. Bertrand, Minister of Education, through the hands of the Deputy Minister, Dr. Howard Billings, the Order of Scholastic Merit (highest degree) in recognition of the devotion, dignity and distinction with which she had served the cause of education.

Into her retirement Dr. Gillard will take a host of rich memories of the generations of girls who passed under her care during this long span of time, and the joy of their lasting gratitude. She will also have the assurance of the abiding good wishes of a large company of teachers who had the good fortune to share her companionship; and of a devoted maintenance staff. And last but by no means least, Dr. Gillard will take with her the grateful appreciation of the Executive Committee and the Members of Corporation.

As this school year comes to a close and as the strains of 'Forty Years, Forty Years On' ring out once more, we all, with joy and affection, join in wishing Gilly 'Good Luck in the Name of the Lord.'

RUSSEL QUEBEC,
President



FROM THE OLD GIRLS

No two King's Hall Old Girls have the same image of Miss Gillard, the same memories, the same judgment, just as no two King's Hall Old Girls had identical reactions to her. Only one thing is common to all: it is as impossible not to remember her vividly as it was while we were at the school not to respond or react to her. She dominates our recollections of King's Hall as she dominated our lives there.

Her splendid explosive rages so often followed by a treat to show us her love and forgiveness; her kindly soothing help in time of stress; her "bear hugs"; her enthusiasm and confidence which encouraged us all in our work — these we all knew.

But the central and inescapable experience of exposure to Miss Gillard was, is, and shall remain her moral impact.

Remember those Saturday morning readings from the lives of thinkers and statesmen? Remember, "Get up Monsieur le Comte you have great things to do today"? In such little talks "Gilly" enumerated the values by which she lived.

She was unabashedly sentimental, romantic, old-fashioned — but never puritanical or prudish. The strength of her convictions, the consistency and passion of her idealism — which never lost its footing on the ground, no matter how high its sights — these somehow made important and memorable the tritest old moralities. Remember "A gallant failure . . . or **"the explication of Noblesse oblige,"** or "the attacks on slipping around the truth"? It is Miss Gillard's greatest gift and legacy that she could give shape and substance to the moral impulses of the adolescent, dignify them by lucid discussion, and cultivate them by immediate, practical application.

This legacy is timeless as it is priceless. In an age of compounding relativity we find constancy, courage and practical optimism in the vivid memories of our years with "Gilly."

Miss Gillard is an excellent classical scholar, but she is admirably described by the "arch-romantic," Wordsworth, who wrote of his own mentor:

. . . she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

"TINTERN ABBEY"

To the young the important things are those which apply to them personally at the moment, a few are mature enough to recognize and appreciate the value of the intangible qualities that are the true fabric of a good life. To those of more mature years time and experience have given a wider and deeper understanding, perspective, and appreciation.

“GILLY” — THE THINGS WE’LL NEVER FORGET

1. “Good Morning.”
2. “Punctualité est la politesse des rois.”
3. “Where are your oxfords?”
4. “If you’re going to chew gum, sit in the corner with a towel over your head!”
5. “If” by Kipling.
6. “It means much more if you make it yourself than if you buy it with your parent’s money.”
7. “Look the person straight in the eye and don’t shake hands like a wet fish.”
8. The Sunday night kiss.
9. “I just don’t understand the younger generation — it has no more respect or consideration for others. . .”
10. “It’s bad enough seeing rollers once a week, but not twice!”
11. “‘Come here’ — not ‘cum ‘ere’.”
12. “If you haven’t a tie then do your top button up . . . well sew it on!”
13. “Close your cupboards and don’t stand on your chairs with shoes on.”
14. “Will anyone have more fish? It’s brain food, you know.”
15. “If you’re hungry — come to me.”
16. Tea with Miss Gillard.
17. “Say ‘yes’ until I get sick of it!”
18. “Don’t treat your house like a hotel on holidays.”
19. “The order marks are. . .”
20. “‘How do you do’ — not ‘Hi there!’”
21. “And even if you don’t need your sleep, others don’t like to be disturbed at 3:30 in the morning.”
22. “Sometimes I wonder if you girls really appreciate the new building — it seems to me you preferred ‘slumming it’ in the old building.”
23. Mimi.
24. “Agenouillez-vous!”
25. “What’s this business about diets?”
26. “Coja!” (pick up)
27. “No dangling earrings.”
28. “Buckles in — broaches out!”
29. “I don’t think many people know this hymn, Miss Bennett!”
30. “Buenas dias, seniorita.”
31. “Close your windows — we don’t want to heat all of Compton.”
32. “How many girls want to go —? You don’t have to go if you don’t want to!”
33. The egg in the blue dish.
34. “Ice-cream isn’t fattening.”
35. “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.”
36. “If you would sit up, the sound would come out better, you know.”
37. “Ten of you shrieking on the corridors could make more noise.”
38. Sitting on the balcony during the “formal.”
39. “Hands up for duties! . . . I don’t see any hands!”
40. “Who was supposed to tidy the lounge last night?”
41. “My table!”
42. “How do you pronounce. . .”
43. “Serve to the left — clear to the right.”
44. She would always listen when no one else would
45. “I can’t learn your vocabulary for you!”
46. “Keep your hair off your face and get that goo off your eyes. . .”
47. “Take an apple for your roommate.”
48. “I know not many of you will listen to this — but keep quiet for those who are interested.”
49. “Keep the doors closed or you’ll be blaming me for the flies!”
50. “Who’s she? The cat’s mother?”
51. The homely things in life.
52. “A little work, a little play,”
53. “Never read a letter when walking in front of a person — it’s very rude.”
54. “. . . and when the boys come over remember you **MUST** stay in the front of the building.”
55. “Sit up! You look like a lump of jelly tied at the waist!”
56. “If you’re hungry, we’ll see that you get extra meals.”
57. Listening to “Mrs ‘Arris goes to Paris” come to life.
58. “A lady **will** clean the bath after her; others **must**.”
59. “La Seniorita Gillard està aqui.”
60. Birthday cream puffs.
61. Ubiquitous.
62. “. . . you know if you’d only study . . . you’d get much better marks.”
63. “What would your parents think?”
64. “If you had to pay for it — you’d know whose it was!”

61. "My turn? Now let me see . . . what country begins with 'Z'?"
62. "Do you remember the Old Girl. . ."
63. "You're on your honour."
64. Sunday night music.
65. "A lady is never, never without her gloves."
66. "Tie your shoes together and hang them on the back of your chair."
67. Mrs. Aitken.
68. "For the first time, my Staff are being treated as human beings."
69. "When I went through the lounge I had to pick up three armchair covers."
70. "The school colours are blue, navy blue and gold . . . not red, white, purple. . ."
71. ". . . plus 3 church, 3 Form, 5 punctuality. . ."
72. "We wouldn't want you to be good all the time. . ."
73. "Say 'God be in my head,' and think of what you're saying."
74. "Do you do that at home?"
75. French prayers.
76. "Don't jump off the deep end just because it's the end of term."
77. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom," Proverbs 3, 13-18.
78. "Empty pitchers make the most noise!"
79. Gilly's black robe.
80. "Can't I persuade anyone to have second helpings?"
81. "You will not speak until after I have rung the bell."
82. Our sense of values.
83. "Not by bread alone. . ."
84. "Don't eat like a truck driver."
85. "Keep your head up and look as though you're proud to be who you are."
86. The trouble with you is that you're all sheep — no one has the guts to stand up for what she knows is right."
87. "'Water', not 'wadda'."
88. "Miss Morris walked down the corridor carrying some orange porridge on her Latin book on her way to see the calf take a bath in an inch and a half of water."
89. General MacArthur's prayer for his son, "Build me a son, Oh Lord — — —"
90. "If you want the floor, take it, but I'm not going to compete with you."
91. The tunic girdle is to be worn around the waist, NOT around the knees."
92. "Do the boys have to be around here both Saturdays and Sundays?"
93. "Who's the head of her House? Make her chew — — —"
94. "If you've so little dignity that you can't pick up a broom, save what little you have."
95. "Most people want to be famous. YOU are notorious."
96. "I want to congratulate — — —"
97. "Good luck in your exams."
98. "Turn off the lights!"
99. "Buenas Noches!"

THE PRESENT GIRLS

In Appreciation

Miss Gillard came to King's Hall from St. Clements in Toronto in 1930. Through her untiring effort and dedication to the work she had undertaken the school survived the depression years and began to grow in size and numbers. New facilities were added just before World War II placed restrictions on building. War guests from England were added to the enrolment of girls from all parts of Canada, the United States, the West Indies, Central and South America. These girls returned to their homes treasuring the attitudes of loyalty and service implanted by Miss Gillard's personal example.

Since 1945 hundreds of girls, and staff, have appreciated the qualities of leadership shown by "Gilly." Many of them have come back or written, to express their gratitude for the words of wisdom which helped to mould their thinking and actions. She understood their problems and helped them to choose the 'higher' road. It is impossible to sum up in cold print the qualities which make a person 'great'-selflessness, dedication, a genuine warmth and understanding of others. Many may have these qualities and not be recognized as 'great' but Miss Gillard possesses them and thousands have had the good fortune of meeting and knowing her and appreciating these qualities. As Headmistress of King's Hall for 38 years she has shown them all as well as endless patience and a genuine concern for the welfare of each person as an individual.

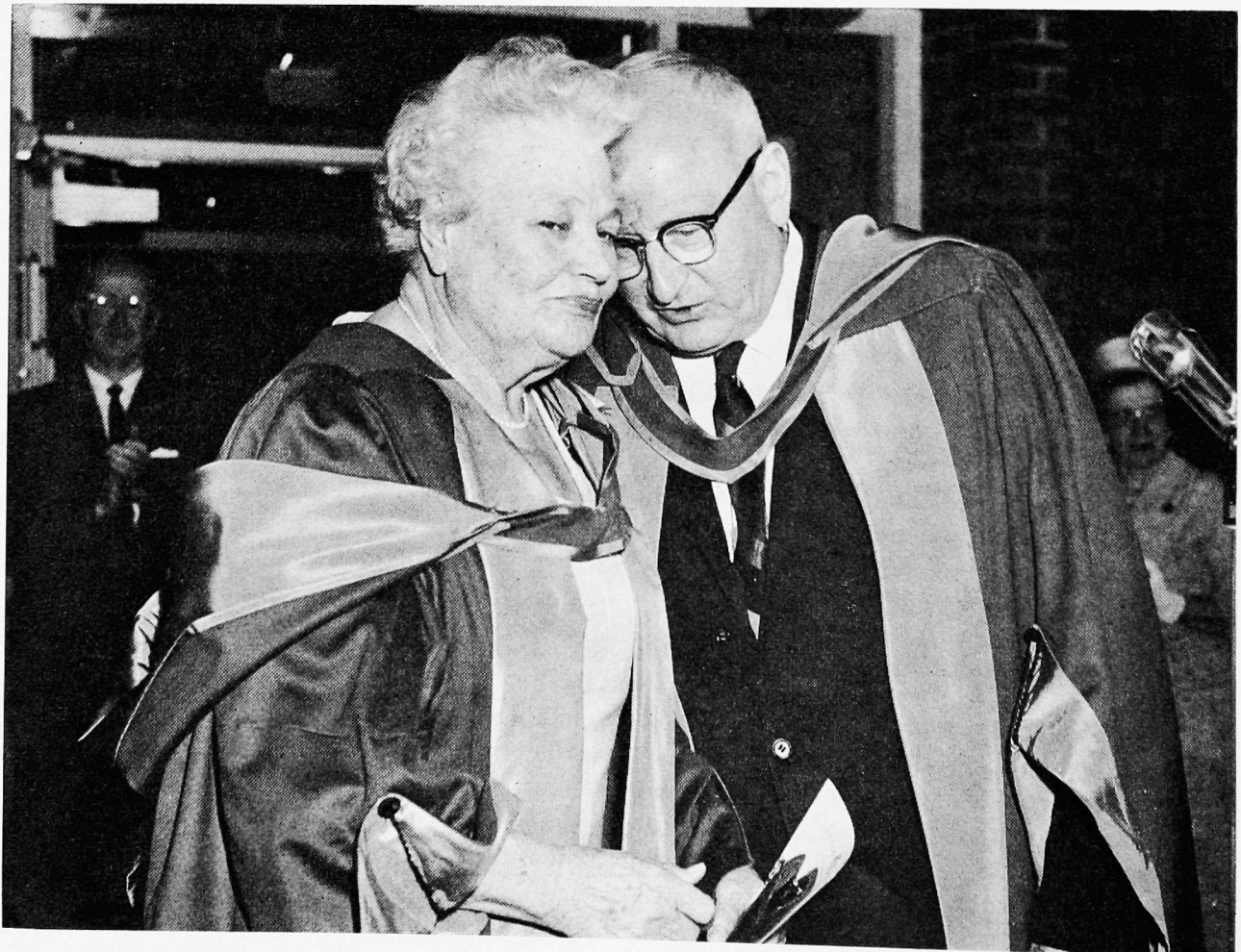
In a school such as King's Hall character building and scholarship must be partners. Many girls have gone on to successful careers in a wide variety of fields from the stage to medicine. Many more are leading useful lives in homes scattered around the world. A bit of "Gilly" went with each one and yet there was always enough left for the next generation.

Those who have known her well over the years have been aware of these qualities but it is always encouraging to know that others, not so closely associated, have recognized them too. In May 1961 she was made Doctor of Civil Law (Honoris Causa) by Bishop's University. An award which included in the Citation the following: "By force of her personality, her unsparing efforts, her scholarship, her loyal Churchmanship, and her very genuine affection for her girls, she has achieved and maintained the highest standards."

The new residence was dedicated in June 1967 as Gillard House, a very tangible symbol of what she has meant to King's Hall. The dedication ceremony was climaxed by an award made to Dr. Gillard by the Department of Education — The Order of Scholastic Merit — Highest Degree.

Dr. Billings before presenting the award read a letter from the Hon. J. J. Bertrand, Minister of Education, which contained the following extract: "You have served the cause of Education with devotion, dignity, and distinction."

As long as King's Hall stands Miss Gillard will be a part of it. She has given much — not just years of service but of herself. May 'retirement' bring to her the happiness derived from the "little things" she so often stressed as being really worthwhile. We will miss you "Gilly" but may God be with you.





MISS DOROTHY KIDD, M.A., who will take up her new duties this coming summer, is well qualified for the responsibilities that await her as Principal at King's Hall. She received her B.A. degree from Western University with Honors in French and German, and her M.A. from McGill in French. During a recent sabbatical leave in France she received from the Université d'Aix, Marseille, the Diplôme de lettres et d'études françaises. Following a varied experience in educational circles, she is at present Head of the French Department, Outremont High School. She is assured a very warm welcome from the members of Corporation, the Staff, pupils and the Old Girls' Association.



Miss Morris, who has worked with Miss Gillard as Senior Mistress for many years has been appointed Vice-Principal by the Board.



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,
2nd May, 1968.

My Dear Girls:

This is a particularly difficult letter to write. Quite understandably you will jump to the conclusion that I am referring to the fact that it will be the last letter to you as your Principal. That fact, indeed, does make this letter difficult, but that, alone, would assuredly, not have made me hesitate to write my annual letter to the Magazine. No, it had to be a reason deeper and more penetrating than that, and this is it. For the first time in my years here some girls have given me the feeling that they have accepted and preferred the highly-publicized but basically invalid standards of modern youth. Unfortunately these few have made me feel that you as a group are not really interested in the principles and standards of integrity, kindness, consideration and service to others, courage in facing difficulties and disappointments, appreciation of what is done for you — all the things that I have tried to instil through the years. Some have classed them as outmoded. In far too many situations your loyalties have been to your lower, not your higher instincts. Far too many young people do not show the slightest interest in anything that is not of immediate benefit to them, and the idea of sacrificing their own personal pleasures and wishes for the general good is unthinkable.

Then you may ask yourselves why, in spite of my feelings of pessimism and futility, have I finally decided to overcome my reluctance and write a letter for the Magazine. For three reasons. First, because I feel there are many of you who really in your hearts care for the principles which mean so much to me. Secondly, because of the many wonderful and touching letters of appreciation I have received lately from the Old Girls. Thirdly, because you know me well enough to realize that I never give up the fight for what I think is right in spite of unpopularity.

Instead of repeating the things I have continued to try to impress upon you in my efforts to give you decent, firm standards to carry with you to help you cope successfully with this uncertain and changing world of tomorrow, I am going to let the following verses by Edgar A. Guest express them for me. They embody, in perhaps more attractive and appealing form, most of the ideas I have tried to impress upon you through the years. Here they are!

MYSELF

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a cupboard shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am.
I don't want to dress up myself in shame.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

God bless you all,

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

Editorial

**"Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a fairy, hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."**

How true these words are. War in Vietnam, race riots, hunger, poverty, and all the ugliness which our highly intelligent but pathetically weak human race has brought about. How fortunate we are to live in an area barely touched by the outside world's many problems — safe and contented.

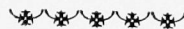
It is hard in many ways for us, the younger generation, to survey realistically the problems presented to us to be solved or, perhaps, ignored. It is hard for us to see clearly that it is our responsibility and our duty to try to increase the harmony that exists among men. We do not always realize that by learning to be patient and considerate among our own acquaintances and friends we are taking the first faltering steps towards being better citizens, building better nations.

This is the message that Miss Gillard has tried to convey to us. She has patiently explained how important it is that we genuinely care for one another. She has been an untiring teacher and guide for many girls. Perhaps we do not listen, probably we do not really try to understand why, but we know that Miss Gillard truly cares about what kind of people we grow up to be.

We may not always, in fact we may never, show her our appreciation for all she has done for us, but it is not because we do not care. It is because we do not stop often enough to think what Miss Gillard is doing for us. Now, in this, her final year at King's Hall, we begin to realize how much we shall all miss her — her warm friendship, her true joy when we succeed and her sincere encouragement when we seem to have failed. After she leaves, King's Hall will never be quite the same.

We shall all miss you, Miss Gillard, and although you may never see or know, some day each one of us will look back and remember your words. We will smile and nod our heads and say "Thank you, Miss Gillard, you were right."

**"For he comes, the human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a fairy hand in hand
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand."**



A school magazine requires a great many hours of thought and work. I would like to thank all those who gave unstintingly of their time — Miss Morris and Miss MacLennan, Miss Morton, Miss Britton, the magazine committee, and the school at large, Staff and students. Without their immeasurable contributions this year's "Per Annos" would not have been possible.

Head Girl



KATHY HARPUR — "Harps"
January 7
Montreal, Quebec

Head Girl
Macdonald
1965-1968

"Reprove a friend in secret but praise him before others."
Activities:—Form Captain - VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Ski Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.
Pet Aversion:—Room-mates and their noisy night-time sports.
Favourite Pastime:—Bringing Winsor the remains from the Biology Lab.
Ambition:—To ski in Switzerland's powder snow and be rescued by a Saint Bernard.

HEAD GIRL'S LETTER

This year has not been an easy one for any of us. There have been times when we all have felt like giving up, but there was always something there to keep each one of us going, and thus we have been able to find our way to the end of another year.

Before I began this letter to you, I read a few of the letters written by the Head Girls in previous magazines, and I found that for the most part, they always mentioned the spirit of the school — mainly, because this is a word symbolizing enthusiasm, courage, energy, vivacity, and a number of other things which seem to stand out in the students of every school and college. I think that you will all agree when I say that your spirit as "Comptonites" is brought out the most in House meetings, but it is the same spirit which blossoms forth when you are throwing wet sponges at the prefects, or cheering at a soccer match!

As you all know, the close of this year is the end of many years for Miss Gillard, as a wonderful and dedicated Head Mistress. Of these years at King's Hall I am sure she has the right to feel deep satisfaction. I know that both you and I for the rest of our lives will remember her in our hearts as both a marvellous teacher and a True friend.

I must say that being your Head Girl has been a great honour. It is really a wonderful experience to be a Rideau — Montcalm — Macdonaldite! Also, I will admit that when times were hard, just a friendly smile was enough to spur me on. If sometimes some of you are feeling "down," maybe this passage by Ralph Emerson will help you along:

"Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense."

Therefore, keep smiling, and to all of you, the best of luck.

Love,

KATHY.

Vicky - nothing like taking a couple of weeks off to go to Jamaica, it's soooooo bad - great place eh wat??
 Good luck next yr - be good and keep ¹⁶ smiling
 XJettie

KING'S HALL, COMPTON

Prefects

JENNIFER WADDELL — "Jeffie"

Head of Macdonald
1963-1968

May 16

Toronto, Ontario

"The blush is beautiful . . . but sometimes inconvenient."

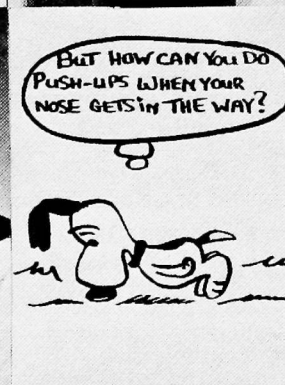
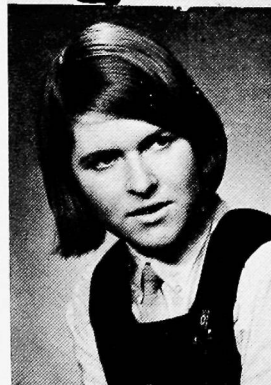
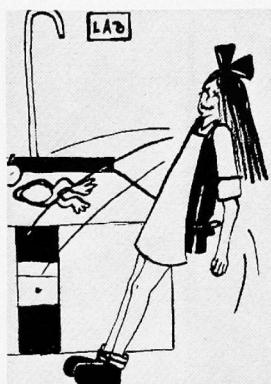
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Getting Ginny to "run around."

Pet Aversion:—Two pieces of good news that come one after the other.

Theme Song:—"To-day."



NORAH ELIZABETH CARTER — "Norba"

Prefect on Macdonald
1963-1968

February 5

Montreal, Quebec

"But little do we perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth.

For a crowd is not company and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

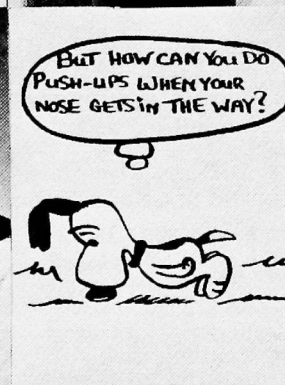
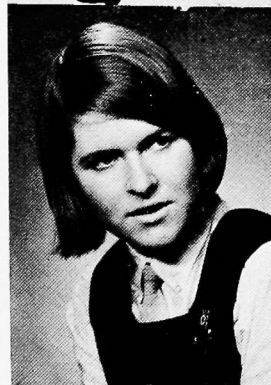
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—People who comment on my aristocratic features.

Favourite Expression:—"Uhh, don't let it phase ya!"

Theme Song:—"So much for Dreaming"



FRANCINE SAWDON — "Franny"

Head of Montcalm
1964-1968

February 9

New York City, New York, U.S.A.

"Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

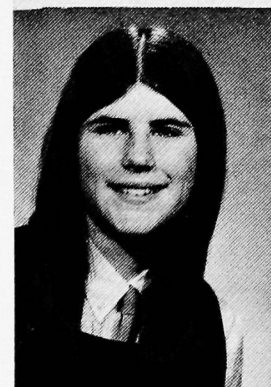
Activities:—Form Captain - V A, VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—The "think" drink.

Pet Aversion:—Overly patriotic Americans.

Theme Song:—"The Shadow of your Smile."



DALE ELLSON — "Dalers"

Prefect on Montcalm
1963-1968

December 22

Knowlton, Quebec

"Tis better to have loved, and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

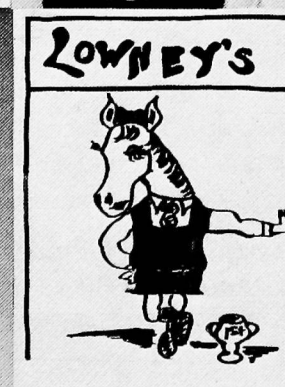
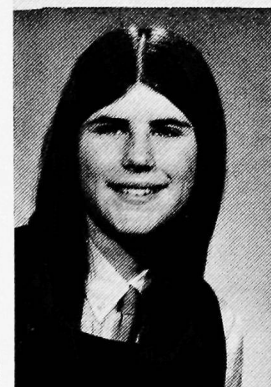
Activities:—Sports Captain - V B; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Swimming - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—People who don't know how to whisper.

Ambition:—To be on the Canadian Equestrian Team.

Probable Destination:—Mother of three Olympic riders.



VICTORIA BUCHANAN — "Weekly"

Head of Rideau
1963-1968

April 6

Westmount, Quebec

"When God gave out brains
I thought he said trains
And I got off on the wrong track."

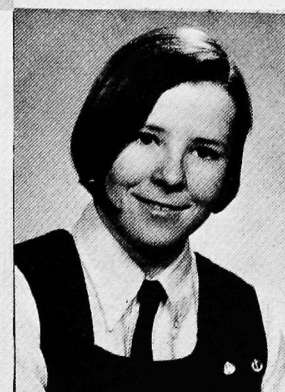
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Sports Captain - V B; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Pet Aversion:—Watching other people eat crunchy bars.

Favourite Expression:—"Why didn't you tell me we were having a test?"

Theme Song:—"Cherish."



Dear Vicki,
I like you very much... but it looks like if I love you, my father would disapprove of me always and especially next year. Go bye-bye, Fran'.

Dear Vicki,
you really surprised me when you said you had 'el' cherry Blossoms! So I added one more! Good luck next year and always.
Love,
Dale

Well, Vicki, I'll be the best of luck next year + keep us to it.
Rideau
X Vicki

KATHY WINSER — "Wins"
March 9
Montreal, Quebec

Prefect on Rideau
1964-1968

"Tis better to remain silent and appear ignorant,
Than to open your mouth and remove all doubt."

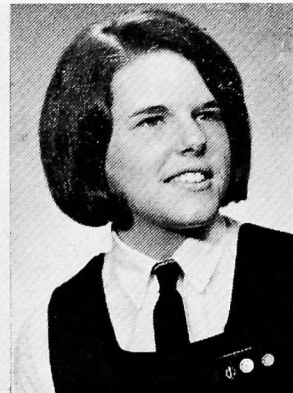
Activities:—Sports Captain - V A, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross Representative VI B; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Planning 110's next Thriller.

Pet Aversion:—Punctuality.

Theme Song:—"Cherish."



Dear Vicky,
What a lovely colour to write with!
You're such a great asset to Rideau - jump up that spirit!
Have a wonderful summer + best of luck always!
Love you
Be happy

ELIZABETH STEAD — "Lizzy"
July 16
Montreal, Quebec

Residence Captain
Montcalm
1963-1968

"If you call a man friend, do not doubt him;
if you doubt him, do not call him a friend."

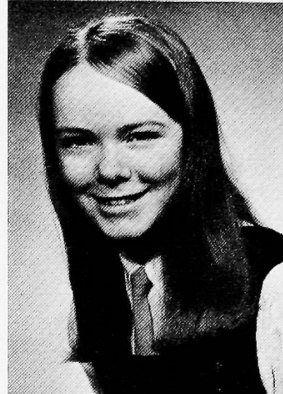
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Ski Club; President, Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—Architect.

Probable Destination:—Renovating the "Shack."

Prototype:—Campbell Soup Kid.



Dear Vicky,
It's been quite a year - have fun this summer!
Come back smiling
lots of luck
Love
Vicky

BELINDA JANE KIRBY — "BJ," "Beej"
March 31
Ottawa, Ontario

Residence Captain
Rideau
1963-1968

"Live and learn, if you have time for both."

Activities:—Form Captain - V B, V A, VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Ski Club; Junior Red Cross Representative V B; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Learning Cook's late study methods.

Pet Aversion:—Getting caught at late study.

Theme Song:—"Midnight Hour."



NORA COOK — "Cookie"
January 18
Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.

Sports Captain
Montcalm
1965-1968

"Early to rise and early to bed,
Makes a man healthy but socially dead."

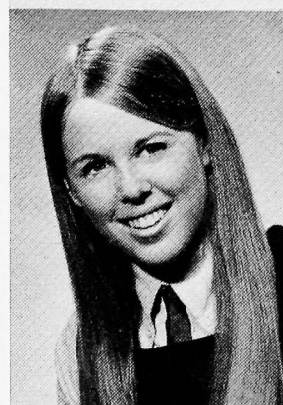
Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Ambition:—To be the first female to transplant. . .

Prototype:—Erma Atlas.

Favourite Expression:—"O.K. Group, just get a grip!"



KATHRYN MARY OUGHTRED — "Kasey"
August 22
Thetford Mines, Quebec

Sports Captain
Macdonald
1964-1968

"Eat, drink, and be merry — for to-morrow we diet."

(Although to-morrow never comes!)

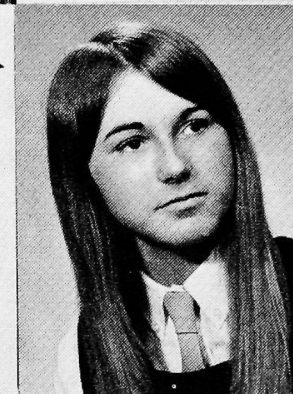
Activities:—Sports Captain - V A, VI B; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Ambition:—To be a ski bum in the "Great Rockies."

Probable Destination:—Being a "cook"?

Theme Song:—"To Sir with Love."



well Vicky,
Best of luck next year!
always - be good!
take care,
Kasey.

Dear Vicky.
 What to say? Inspiration does not come.
 Have a great summer but come back
 in a 18 piece full of spirit. Best of luck
 Just

KING'S HALL, COMPTON

Matrics



PATRICIA ANDERSON — "Trish"
 October 4
 Toronto, Ontario

Montcalm
 1966-1968

"Nobody knows — Tiddely-pom
 How cold my toes — Tiddely-pom
 Are growing."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.
 Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - Form; Skiing; Skating.
 Favourite Pastime:—To the cottage and back.
 Pet Aversion:—Being number 87.
 Prototype:—Mighty Mouse.

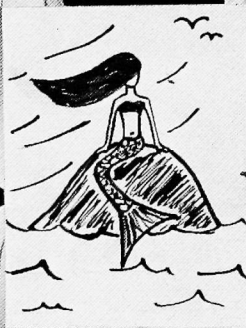
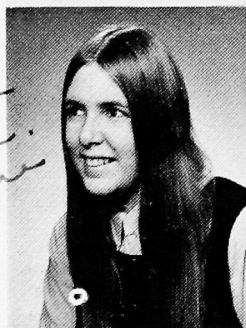


JANE AYLWARD — "Janie"
 May 13
 Oakville, Ontario

Macdonald
 1965-1968

"Who has seen the wind,
 Neither you nor I;
 But when the trees bow down their heads,
 The wind is passing by."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Representative, Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.
 Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton.
 Favourite Pastime:—Falling in love.
 Pet Aversion:—People who crunch on candy.
 Theme Song:—"Fly me to the Moon."

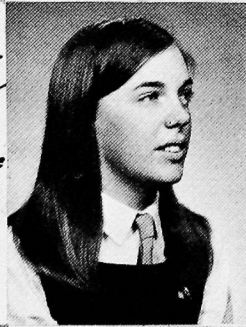


KATHY COLLIER — "Colli"
 February 2
 Norwich, Bermuda

Macdonald
 1966-1968

"Keep your smile when the goings are bad;
 Life is what you make it."

Activities:—Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
 Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - Form; Tennis; Badminton.
 Pet Aversion:—Keeping your hair tied back.
 Ambition:—To be an interior designer.
 Theme Song:—"Can't take my eyes off you."



SHEILA FERGUSON — "Fergie"
 August 8
 Ste. Adele, Quebec

Macdonald
 1967-1968

"I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul."

Activities:—Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
 Sports:—Soccer - Form; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.
 Pet Aversion:—Skiing at Hillcrest.
 Ambition:—To go to University.
 Probable Destination:—Ski Instructor at Hillcrest.



ANA MARIA FRANCÉS — "Anamy"
 November 9
 San Salvadore, EC. Salvador, C.A.

Montcalm
 1967-1968

"Act yourself and do what you think is right"

Activities:—Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
 Sports:—Volleyball - Form; Swimming - Form; Badminton.
 Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters.
 Pet Aversion:—Getting up in the morning.
 Theme Song:—"More."



CAROLYN GERSTENHABER
 November 2
 Guatemala City, Guatemala, C.A.

Rideau
 1966-1968

"Good, better, best.
 Don't let it rest
 'Till your good is better
 And better is best."

Activities:—Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
 Sports:—Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton.
 Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters.
 Ambition:—To become a social worker with children.
 Theme Song:—"A Man and a Woman."

Hi Hare
 Kid do!
 Have a
 great
 summer.
 Take care.
 has
 Colli

Dear Vicky
 my best
 wishes for
 the future
 Love
 Carol

MARTHA JERVIS-READ — "Twin"
December 22
Coaticook, Quebec

Macdonald
1961-1968

"A poor life this, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

Activities:—Form Captain - IV A; Library Committee; Literature Club;
Bridge Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events;
Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Singing.

Pet Aversion:—People who ask me why I'm singing.

Ambition:—Veterinarian.

MARY JERVIS-READ — "Twin Mary"
December 22
Coaticook, Quebec

Rideau
1961-1968

"From goulies and ghosties, and long-legged beasties,
And all things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord deliver us."

Activities:—Sports Captain - IV A; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Choir; Crucifer; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Making love posters.

Ambition:—To join the Navy.

Probable Destination:—Washing dishes on a Cunard Liner.

SALLY MACGREGOR — "Sam"
February 8
Baie Comeau, Quebec

Rideau
1967-1968

"Count that day lost whose
Low descending sun
Views from thy hand no
Worthy action done."

Activities:—Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee;
Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis;
Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—Reminding Ginny to remember not to forget.

Ambition:—To be a gourmet.

Probable Destination:—A gourmand.

VIRGINIA MAGEE — "Ginny"
July 1
Peterborough, Ontario

Macdonald
1964-1968

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI A, Matric; Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - Form; Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Singing and reading and running around the Gym.

Pet Aversion:—People who don't close the door.

Favourite Saying: — Close the door!

VICTORIA OSCARSSON — "Vicks"
December 18
Katonah, New York, U.S.A.

Macdonald
1966-1968

"So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Wondering.

Pet Aversion:—Being tripped by Pam.

Ambition:—To take what comes.

ANNE PATES PINCKARD — "Pinky"
April 4
Dwight, Ontario

Macdonald
1966-1968

"It is strange that men should see sublime inspiration
in the ruins of an old church and see none in the ruins of a man."

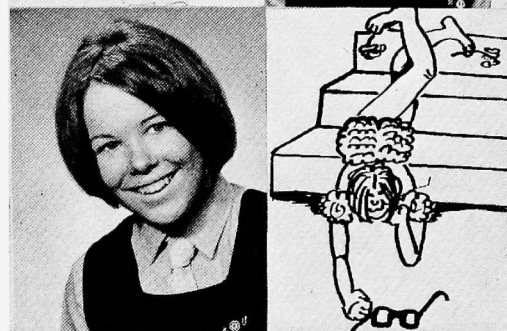
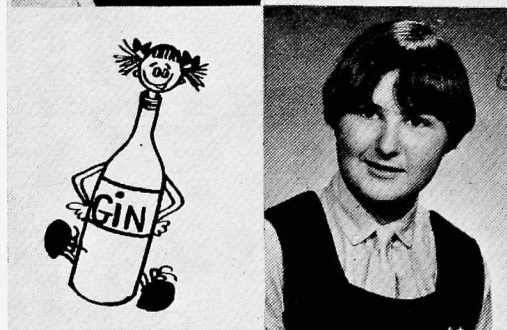
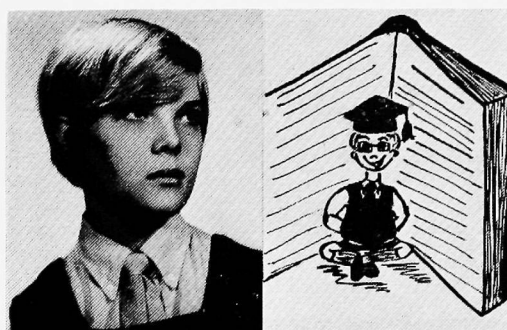
Activities:—Literature Club; Bridge Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Polishing my "weejuns"

Ambition:—To have an ambition.

Theme Song:—"Lovin' Sound."



Dear Vicky,
Another year
another dollar!
(wish it was
here!) Keep
up that Rideau
spirit & let
Rideau go be
proud! Best
luck -
oodles,
Sally.

Dear Vicky,
Good luck.
Next year. Be
good. How
original th?
Have a
great summer.
Remember
the KHC motto
Puellae
dominae
sunt
in
magee

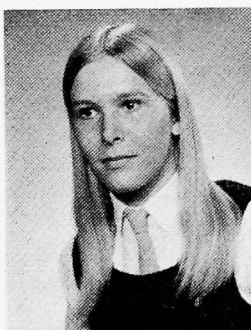
Vick...
All the
best next
year! in
future -
remember
to keep
smiling!
keep up the

Good ol' KHC "truth" See you
next year at Thanksgiving.
God Bless

Dear Vicky, have a
great summer. Best of
luck always, + be a good
kid ok? Love, Cindy

20

KING'S HALL, COMPTON



CECILY PORTER—"Cec"

October 26

Fitch Bay, Quebec

"I'd like to see a little more room for error around here."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Skating.

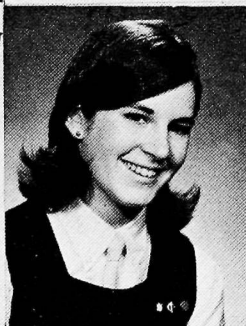
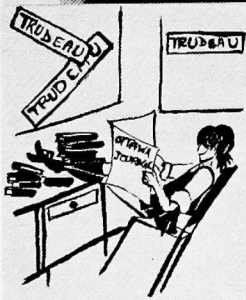
Ambition:—To be a French Specialist.

Probable Destination:—Marrying a "big Blue Frog."

Theme Song:—"The First Time."

Montcalm

1964-1968



PAMELA NANCY ROSENTHAL—"Thal"

December 20

Ottawa, Ontario

"The most influential of all educational factors is the conversation in a child's home."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

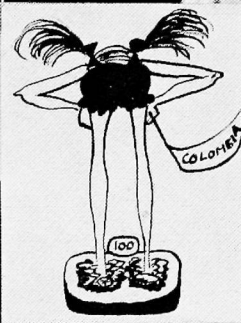
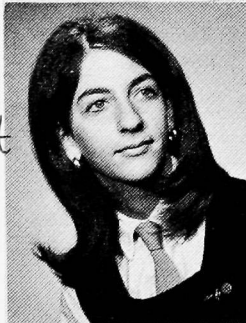
Favourite Pastime:—Helping Vicky up off the floor.

Pet Aversion:—Serving soup at the dinner table.

Theme Song:—"Rolling Home."

Macdonald

1966-1968



RAQUEL SHALOM — "Rack"

November 12

Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.

"The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits but the equality with which they are received and may be returned."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Playing my guitar.

Ambition:—To be trilingual.

Prototype:—Twiggy.

Montcalm

1965-1968



MARGARET WILSON — "Margi"

July 2

Hudson Heights, Quebec

"Write down the advice of him who loves you, Tho' you like it not at present."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Bridge Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - School; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

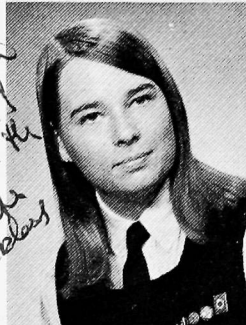
Ambition:—Linguist.

Probable Destination:—Beauty Salon "Chez Margi."

Theme Song:—"Can't you see I'm trying?"

Rideau

1965-1968



DUCHESNAY WOTHERSPOON — "Shane"

August 20

Toronto, Ontario

"The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves."

Activities:—Literature Club; Bridge Club; Dramatics; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - Form; Swimming - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Ambition:—Nursing in South Africa.

Prototype:—The Singing Nun.

Theme Song:—"The Impossible Dream."

Rideau

1965-1968



LUCINDA DUNLOP — "Cindy"

November 9

Trois-Rivières, Quebec

Activities:—Form Captain - V A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Tennis; Skating.

Pet Aversion:—Sunday nights.

Theme Song:—"You'll never walk alone."

Rideau

1963-1968

Dear Vicky,
Best of
luck next
year +
always
love,
Rebecca

Dear Vicky,
Best of
luck next
year +
always
love,
Rebecca

Dear Vicky,
All the best in
the future. Have
a great time in
the summer.
The summer
holidays are the
best and in the
winter. Good luck
love
Shane

VALETE

Miss Keyzer

Miss Gwladys Keyzer came to King's Hall some few years ago — not forty but nearly that — after graduating from the Margaret School of Physical Education. Her intention was to remain at Compton for a few years and then move on to 'greener' pastures. She soon became so much a part of the school — combining the jobs of secretary, Phys.-Ed. teacher, and the person who knew all the answers — that she forgot to think about the greener pastures.

King's Hall and all who have been associated with it, the Board, the Staff, the girls, the Domestic Staff, owe her a debt of gratitude for her help and many kindnesses. The full story of her contribution to the life of the School would fill a book but it would only embarrass her to deal with them fully here. It was with deep regret that we learned of her decision to leave Compton and join her sisters in the United States.

Our best wishes go with her for every success in whatever venture she next undertakes. May she always have very pleasant memories of her years at King's Hall, and, may she remember with pride the years spent here, years in which she gave of herself so freely.



Mme Landes

Mme Landes is a devotee of perfection and for some fifteen years she has been trying to inspire the young to greater effort and success in French. She has been untiring in her efforts and they have been appreciated. It is with regret that we learn of her retirement. We hope that she will be happy in Montreal and will take with her many pleasant memories of her years at King's Hall.

Miss MacLennan

Miss Frances MacLennan has been a valued member of the Staff of King's Hall for more than twenty years. Many girls have developed a true appreciation of English under her guidance. It is not only in the classroom that her love for English has given inspiration to others, the plays that she has directed, the public speaking work that has been so successful, the Poetry and Literature Club meetings have proved to many that English has a vitality, breadth and depth that is too often missed by the average person. Her work on behalf of *Per Annos* has helped the student executive to produce magazines of which they can be justly proud.

We are sorry that she is leaving Quebec to return to her beloved Maritimes. We hope that the sight and sound of the sea will not cause her to forget the green hills and the lakes of the Eastern Townships in general and Compton in particular. She takes with her our best wishes for her future success and happiness.



Mrs. Aitken

Planning and working behind the scenes on all of the important occasions — the Red Letter Days in the life of King's Hall — has been Mrs. Aitken. She has for many years worked out the details of catering and decoration for Christmas and Closing festivities. Many Old Girls will remember the hours they spent under her direction and the glow of satisfaction they felt at a job well done. Her interest in the welfare of the School and all its members has been a most important contribution to us all, individually and collectively. We all wish her good health and happiness. We will miss you very much, Mrs. Aitken.



MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

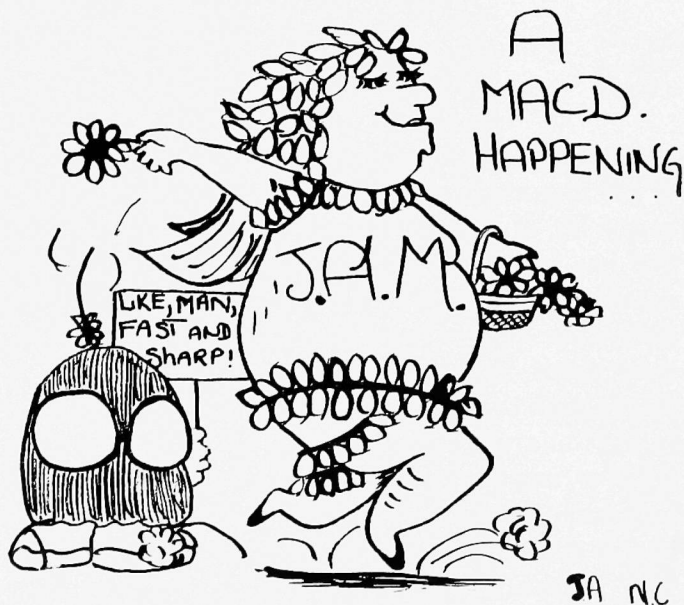
To all fellow Sir John A. disciples:
(Ahem!)

1. **WE** know you're perfect angels.
2. **WE** know you're Olympic swimmers.
3. **WE** know you're all competing for the Davis cup.
4. **WE** know that you know that we know that you know how to run around the school **every single** morning.
5. And killahs — **WE** know that you've got the brains in this organization—

and so . . . we understand how you've developed this most admirable trait . . . the one where you humble yourselves before those other Houses to give them superiority complexes (you know the one!). We don't have to remind you that this is what we love you for (or do we?).

We've been trying to write an original report without including the words "most spirited," "greatest" and "best." It can't be done — there is no getting around it. We all have to admit that Macdee has had an equal number of up's and down's this year. Just think of that

"— — — little girl
who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead — —"



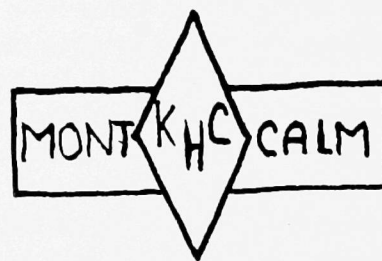
We don't know how to thank you all en masse, and so — our thanks to — Cathy (Collier), Agnes, Martha (Cressy), Sheila, Phyllis, Sally, Betty and Nancy for managing to hand in such terrific totals **every week**.

—to Edwina, Creamy, Di, Louise, Shirley and Jane
—well, variety is the spice of life!
—to Agnes, Gwen, Robin (Flowler), Barb, Janet, Debbie, Cathy and Robin (Kunkle) for "Reaching for the Top."
—to Barb for contributing "JAM"
—to Katie for her tremendous artistry
—to our Head Girl for being our Head Girl.
—and to the rest, you avid Macdee supporters, we're thanking you because YOU are the core of the House.

And so kiddos, what more is there to say except we're going to miss you? Keep smiling, and the world will be on your side.

Love and luck to you all, and especially to your next two Heads.

JEFFIE and NORAH



MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Dear Montcalmites,

What do you think of when you hear the word "Montcalm"? Do you think of a famous man who was killed on the Plains of Abraham, or a familiar street in your home town, or a group of girls united under this particular name? When we think of Montcalm we think of forty-seven smiling girls all wearing light blue ties. We think of the House pin, small and insignificant in appearance, but symbolizing an infinite amount of spirit. This spirit has been recognized in both sports and academic achievement throughout the year.

What do you think of when you hear the words "pluses and minuses"? Do you think of algebraic problems, or physics and chemistry, or do you think of the Montcalmites earning these? When we think of "pluses and minuses" we think of the determination and inspiration which made us proud to be one of you. We appreciated the extra effort made to keep Montcalm on top. It was once said, "Into each life a little rain must fall." Through

this year we have all had our share of rain. Montcalm has had its ups and downs, but still manages to keep its spirit high.

The co-ordinated Montcalmites continue to strive for the top and have frequently been placed as winners. The ping-pong, badminton and tennis tournaments, and the swimming meet, despite a great competition with Rideau and Macdonald, resulted in victory. The moral support you gave us inspired us, and swept away any discouragement from failure or defeat.

Isn't it amazing how one small pin and a light blue tie can stand for such a great deal! But the most important is each individual in Montcalm who contributed to the success of the House.

"Louis Joseph" Montcalm was noted for his personal charm and integrity which usually won the affection of his associates. We feel that this trait has been passed down through the years, and we hope that the House Heads next year and for years to come will also recognize this.

Just one last thing: remember that a head held high will guide any Montcalmite through both thick and thin.

Love,

FRANNY and DALE

ODE TO MONTCALMITES

Montcalmites take the high road, the gold road,

If that will please you.

Wear the pins and flaunt gaily your light blue ties:

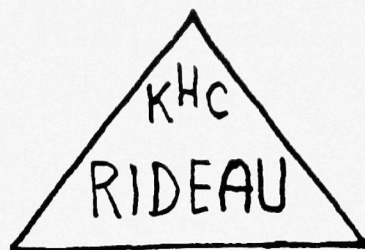
Run on, gilded and gallant, through each shiny
bright door

But faster, still faster.

If you've made merry — make merry some more!

Sing out your song and show us your prizes—

And step, (step) higher, still higher.



RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Dear Rideauites,

Here beginneth the last lesson of the Gospel according to St. Victoria and St. Katharine. In the beginning was the word, and the word was with RIDEAU, and the word was SPIRIT, Spirit which we have felt ever since the first House meeting.

Throughout this "unpredictable" year we have noticed your special ability to be optimistic and enthusiastic even when the chips were down. It has been quite a record-breaking year — in more ways than one. "We only held that lonely third place six times!" Seriously, Rideauites, you have all been absolutely fantastic, and we only wish that we could reward you in some way, but we know Rideau spirit is priceless.

To next year's prefects — we are sure you will realize as we have done, the honour it is to be the Heads of the BEST HOUSE.

Thus endeth the lesson — with best wishes for the future. Keep up that spirit!

Lots of love,

VICKY, KATHY

and

RIDEAU JOE



School Calendar 1967-68

AUTUMN TERM

	September
School Opened.....	12
Matrics. and VI A's attended B.C.S. Barbecue.....	30
	October
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	7-9
Matrics. and VI A's attended dance at Stanstead.....	21
Small group attended Expo.....	24
Soccer Match — K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke High School at Compton.....	27
Dr. Pettingill's illustrated lecture on penguins.....	28
Soccer Match — K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke High School at Sherbrooke.....	30
	November
Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....	3
Mr. Vincent's illustrated lecture "Trip Through South and Central America."..	7
Appointment of Prefects.....	10
Volleyball Competition at Sherbrooke.....	18
School attended dance at B.C.S.....	18
School attended Emlyn Williams' recital of Dylan Thomas's poetry at Bishop's University	25
	December
Miss Gillard's Birthday.....	4
College Board Examination.....	4
School Examinations.....	2-8
Production of "Gilbert & Sullivan Revue," V A's and Juniors	10
Carol Service.....	13
School closed for Christmas Holidays.....	16
	January
School Re-opened.....	10
College Board Examination.....	13
The School Dance.....	20
Public Speaking Competition at School ...	24-25
Matrics attended "Beyond the Fringe" ...	25
V A's and VI A's attended Lennoxville Players' production of "Book of the Month".....	26
Matrics and VI A's attended skating party at B.C.S.....	28
Public Speaking Competition at Sherbrooke.....	29
	February
V A's and Juniors produced "Gilbert and Sullivan Revue" at Dixville Home.....	2
Matrics and VI A's attended Stanstead Carnival and Dance.....	10

WINTER TERM

Choir sang Matins at Christ Church, Stanstead.....	11
Skiing half-holiday at Mount Orford.....	13
Matrics and VI A's attended Winter Carnival at B.C.S.....	17
VI B's attended film of "Romeo and Juliet" Ballet.....	27
Matrics and VI B's Drama Evening at School.....	28
	March
Biology Exhibition at Bishop's University. K.H.C. "Reach for the Top".....	1
College Board Examination.....	2
Juniors attended tobogganing and skiing party at B.C.S.....	2
Competition winners attended concert— Ian and Sylvia at Bishop's University ...	18
Matrics visited the Lowney Chocolate Factory.....	20
School closed for spring holiday.....	23
	April
School Re-opened	9
School attended sugaring-off at at Mr. Johann's.....	11
School attended Good Friday Service at St. James' Church, Compton	12
School attended B.C.S. production of "Henry V".....	19
McGill Alumni Singers at K.H.C.....	20
Choir sang Matins at St. George's Church, Lennoxville.....	21
Three Compton plays taken to Stanstead "Workshop".....	27
Choir sang Matins at St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook.....	28
	May
K.H.C. "Reach for the Top"	3
Confirmation at St. James' Church, Compton.....	4
College Board Examination.....	4
K.H.C. "Reach for the Top".....	11
Invitation Dance at B.C.S.....	11
Choir sang Matins at St. George's Church, Montreal.....	12
Address by Bishop of Johannesburg.....	24
School Examinations.....	May 27 - June 3
	June
Closing Church Service.....	4
Junior Play — "School and Crossbones" ..	5
Closing Exercises.....	5
McGill Examinations.....	10-20

THE BRIDGE CLUB

Thanks to Miss Stickney, the King's Hall Bridge Expert, those interested in the game have been able to join a club which meets every Sunday evening in the reception hall of Gillard House. The club consists of about fourteen members, sometimes with "Mutt and Jeff" — namely Miss Keyzer, Miss Morris, Miss Evans and Mrs. Carr — to stimulate us to our best efforts. A tournament begun in the winter term is not yet completed, but by the end of April Debbie Hornig and Toni Cochand were in the lead. The winter term ended with a party, including refreshments made by some of the members.

We, the members of the Bridge Club, want Miss Stickney to know how much we appreciate the time and thought she so willingly gave to our enjoyment throughout the year. We all "just love" the Bridge Club, and look forward to it every Sunday evening.

MARY PATTON, VI A.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Although most of the Forms did some Public Speaking in their classrooms, the VI A's were the only ones who entered the Public Speaking Competition held at school on January 24 and 25. About twenty girls participated in this. Martha Cox, Cyndy Gilbride and Pamela Porteous reached the semi-finals. Pamela Porteous was given the honour of representing King's Hall at the St. Francis District semi-final of the McGill Alumni Public Speaking Competition held at Sherbrooke on January 29. We congratulate Pamela for coming second in that competition. Her speech is printed elsewhere in the magazine.

REACH FOR THE TOP

With the help of Miss Richardson and other Staff, King's Hall has been developing its own "Reach for the Top" contests. The teams represent the Houses, each team consisting of one girl from every Form. Before Easter a trial competition was held, but in the Spring term three genuine competitions were arranged. Everyone, teams and audience, enjoyed the stimulating challenge. The chief difficulty for the audience was to refrain from chiming in. **Per Annos** goes to press before the winning House can be announced, though the actual winner is not so important, because the competitions were such fun in themselves. We all hope that "Reach for the Top" will become one of the King's Hall "traditions."

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Another year has passed under the guidance of Mademoiselle Lecour. Our cheerful young teacher has lifted our spirits when we have had to rip out seams and do unpleasing things of that kind, for of course we all make mistakes.

The Junior classes, starting at IV A, have been busy making clothing for the Red Cross, such articles as dresses, skirts, dressing-gowns and night-gowns.

The Senior girls include Jenny Lang from VI A and Jane Aylward and Kathy Collier from the Matric. Form. These three girls work together for an hour five times a week. During the course of the week they do some cooking, but there is more emphasis on the sewing. During the winter they had the pleasure of preparing lunch for Miss Gillard. They not only served it, but were, with Mademoiselle Lecour, Miss Gillard's guests at the table.

I sincerely hope the girls next year will have as successful a year as we have had. We are very happy that Mademoiselle Lecour plans to be back at King's Hall.

KATHRYN COLLIER, Matric.

LIBRARY REPORT

With a new library this year interest in books has increased. At the beginning we were rather disorganized with piles of books unsorted, but Miss Britton taught us how to arrange them using the Dewey Decimal system which had not been used before.

The library, now being more spacious and quieter as compared with last year's lounge-library, provides the girls with a place to read in peace.

The divisions in the library make finding books easier. The largest sections are fiction, junior fiction and a new section with the MacLennan Travelling Library Books. These books have been shipped in from Montreal. We have had two loads of books which were selected by the girls and Staff. It has proved very successful.

During "The Young Canada Book Week" new books were bought and old ones were artistically covered by Miss Morton. Everyone who borrowed a book was given a book mark.

The library committee and girls would like to thank Miss Britton for helping them with the organization and distribution of the books and above all for her enthusiasm.

MARTHA CRESSY, VI A.
(Head, Library Committee)

DRAMA REPORT

This has been a busy year for drama at King's Hall. The Junior School produced "The Gilbert and Sullivan Revue" at Christmas, under the direction of Miss Bennett and Mrs. Carr. The performance was extremely spirited. It was enjoyed by the school, and in January was presented at the Dixville Home for Retarded Children. This last was probably one of the most rewarding experiences of the school year for all the girls in the large cast. At the time of going to press Miss Bennett and Mrs. Carr are "in rehearsal" with the same Forms. The new production, "School and Crossbones," is to be performed at the School Closing in June.

We owe much to Miss Hewson for the time and talent she put into directing the Senior School plays. The VI B's interpretation of the comedy, "Mistress Bottom's Dream," was most amusing and was very well done. The story is set in Shakespeare's Athens. The play revolves around the wives of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" rustics, and their suspicions when their husbands "leave most secretly" to rehearse "an interlude." The acting of the main characters was lively, with the set and costumes enhancing the liveliness and colour.

On the same evening a group from the Matric Form acted a satire called "Four Queens Wait for Henry." The play opens in the "next" world as Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn argue over which one is Henry's real wife. In the progress of the play Catherine Howard and Jane Seymour enter to defend their claims. The play ends in an unexpected manner when we learn that according to strict canon law none have any rights at all because Henry VIII was really a bachelor. All in all, the VI B's and Matrics gave us a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

A group from VI A and one from the B.C.S. Fifth Form are making a combined effort to produce Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." This, with the other Senior School plays are being taken by Miss Hewson to the drama "workshop" at Stanstead on April 26. Here the casts will have the opportunity of performing, but, more important, of learning from the performances of other schools and from the adjudication of the drama critic.

Besides putting on and attending plays here at school we had the opportunity of seeing several plays "outside." We saw two performances of The Lennoxville Players, "The Book of the Month," a sparkling comedy, and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." This production was almost professional. We were very proud of Miss Morton in the title roll and of the other members of our Staff who

took part. In April the B.C.S. boys put on a splendid "Henry V." The enthusiastic cast, the scenery and the costumes all made a memorable production.

We have had a most successful and enjoyable year, chiefly through the enthusiasm and guidance of Miss Hewson, Miss Bennett and Mrs. Carr. The whole school sincerely appreciates their work.

RHONA HALPERN, JANE MEAGHER, VI A.
(Assisted by Staff)

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVUE

On Sunday the tenth of December
The IV A, V B and V A
With tremendous work from the Staff
Managed to put on a play.

The play was an operetta
Called "The Gilbert and Sullivan Revue";
It consisted of many tunes
That were both quite old or quite new.

The costumes were sorted from rags
And were carefully washed and fitted
The need for extremely many
Made us learn to be very self-witted.

Miss Bennett taught us our songs
And made sure all words were precise
But if some of the notes were not reached
The accompaniment would quite suffice.

Mrs. Carr looked after our lines
To make sure we made no mistakes.
Quite a few practices were required
And many, no thousands, of retakes.

Soon we had everything fitted together
So the plot to the story was clear
Our lines became much more familiar,
But the tenth was drawing quite near.

On the night of the appointed performance
I'm sure we were all quite excited
Our notes and lines had never been better
Miss Bennett and Mrs. Carr were delighted!

To me it went ever so quickly
And soon it had reached the end.
We all enjoyed doing it for you
And after Christmas, we did it again!

I'd like to give a warm thanks
To all who had something to do
With the costumes, make-up or anything else
To make a success of our "Revue."

Thanks to all, especially to Miss Bennett and Mrs. Carr. Without their patience and co-operation our play would not have been possible.

BARBARA SKELTON, V A.

RED CROSS REPORT

This year as usual everyone at Compton has helped and contributed to the Red Cross by raising funds and organizing various projects. We started off the first term with the Juniors' "Horror House" where everyone paid ten cents to go through. It was quite successful.

Later in the term I was asked by the Junior Red Cross Branch in Montreal to attend a meeting one Saturday morning along with many other representatives from schools in Montreal. We had discussions and interesting lectures about how the Red Cross helps around the world, and we talked about the various ways each representative raised money at his or her school. Later we watched a movie on the Sudan Garden Project and how the Red Cross is helping the people in the Sudan to farm and put their projects to good use. It was a very interesting day and I hope next year's representative will be able to go to a similiar meeting. Towards the end of the first term the V A's, VI B's, VI A's and a few Matrics. sold Christmas cards which they had made in the Art Room. Miss Morton helped a great deal in getting this sale organized and the cards were very popular.

In the second term the VI B's and Matrics. put on two plays called "Mistress Bottom's Dream" and "Four Queens Wait for Henry." The admission fee was fifteen cents and this also went to the Red Cross. Later on in the term, the VI B's organized a taffy sale and raised a great deal of money.

In the Spring term the VI A's had a chocolate rabbit raffle and a "Slave Sale" and the Matrics. had a barbecue dinner — all were very successful. The VI B's still plan to put on a talent night where anyone may go up on the stage and perform. The V A's plan a carnival and a raffle so there will be a large donation to send to the Red Cross this year. The money will probably be used to help the Sudan Garden Project and other Red Cross projects throughout the world as well as to help needy people in Canada.

In May, we plan to have Red Cross night when Miss Gillard will display all the things the girls have been making for the Red Cross in Home Economics. These include jumpers, blouses, playsuits and other children's clothes. Each class also makes many knitted garments and there are always a few toys. The Staff, too, contribute generously by making many lovely knitted clothes. As well as clothing, we will be sending about eighty-five health kits which are used by the Red Cross in disaster areas. Each kit contains a towel, a facecloth, soap, a toothbrush, toothpaste, a comb, and a small toy. The kits are made up by students in Home Economics with money each girlis donating. We



RED CROSS

Back Row: A. PERLEY-ROBERTSON, L. McTIER, P. TILLEY, H. HAYES, P. HAY.
Front Row: D. HORNIG, E. STEAD, M. COX.

also plan to make a chest containing school articles such as pencils, erasers, scribblers, rulers, crayons and colouring books.

I would like to thank the Form representatives for their help and especially the two VI A's, Martha Cox and Debbie Hornig, who are secretary and treasurer respectively. The other representatives are as follows: VI A, Peggy Tilley and Phyllis Hay; VI B, Linda MacTier; V A, Jane Fuller and Heather Hayes; Juniors, Ann Perley-Robertson.

I would especially like to thank Mademoiselle Lecours for all the work she has put into preparing the health kits, and for the many blouses, skirts, playsuits etc. which could not have been made without her help. I would like to wish all next year's representatives the best of luck.

ELIZABETH STEAD, Matric.
(President)

Earnings

Junior's Horror House.....	\$10.00
Christmas Cards.....	25.00
Matric. and VI B plays.....	28.00
VI B Taffy Sale.....	37.27
VI A Chocolate Bunny Sale....	52.55
VI A Slave Drive.....	77.00
Matric. Barbecue	68.75
V A Carnival.....	77.00
TOTAL	\$298.57

Expenditures

Red Cross Pins and Crests.....	\$66.00
Membership fee.....	10.00
TOTAL	\$77.00



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

On Wednesday night, the thirteenth of December, the whole school including girls, Staff, maids and visiting parents took their places in the softly lit Prep Hall for our annual carol service. The room was decorated with coloured paper representing stained glass windows, and a lamp was placed in each corner. In front of a semi-circle of chairs was the piano and a table on which stood a crèche with paper-mâché figures. Miss Gillard opened the service with the Bidding Prayer and then a hymn was sung. After each group of carols, a lesson was read by one girl, going through all the Forms. Cynthia Butterworth from IV A, read the first lesson; Caella West, the second; Lisa Paddon, the third; Kerima Ahamed, the fourth; Rhona Halpern, the fifth; Kathy Harpur, the sixth; and Miss Britton, a member of Staff, the seventh: lastly Miss Gillard read the eight lesson.

The choirs sang many carols very beautifully and the night was a great success. Much hard work was involved in making it so. This evening was one of the many simple yet beautiful things of Christmas, reminding us of the Birth of Christ.

LISA PADDON, V A.

CHOIR

- Row I: T. HAY, M. JERVIS-READ, P. ANDERSON
 Row II: H. MCGRAW, W. HUGHSON, E. KREDL, K. MORRIS
 Row III: B. LLOYD, G. MAGEE, M. JERVIS-READ, F. BARKER, E. MARKHAM
 Row IV: C. MACDONALD, J. HOLTON, M. WILSON, P. ROSENTHAL, M. COX, B. JOHNSTON, S. WOTHERSPOON
 Row V: J. WADDELL, N. COOK, M. CRESSY, G. MURPHY, E. NELLES, P. HAY

1967 - 68 CHOIR REPORT

The Senior Choir this year has consisted of the usual number, thirty, drawn from the three Senior Forms. Its work has followed the usual plan, with practices on the weekends and a less formal one most Thursday evenings.

At Thanksgiving we sang the Canticle of St. Francis and at Christmas, a Festival of Lessons and Carols for which the Prep Hall was decorated with "stained glass windows" produced by Miss Morton's Art classes. Subdued lighting was obtained by the use of standard lamps. The effect was most pleasant and we thank Miss Morton very much for making this possible. Owing to the curtailment of other Christmas activities we did not sing carols out of doors this year.

We sang at Christ Church, Stanstead, on Quinquagesima Sunday; at St. George's, Lennoxville, on Easter I; at St. Stephen's, Coaticook on Easter II and at St. George's, Place du Canada, Montreal, on Easter IV. Our thanks are due to Father R. W. Peirce, Archdeacon T. J. Matthews, Father R. S. Jervis-Read and Father K. I. Cleator and to the organists and Ladies' Guilds of the various parishes for their kind invitations and hospitality.

It is always a pleasure to sing in other churches, but the important part of our work is the week by week worship of our own parish. The highlights of this year's work were the Festivals of Easter, Whitsun, and the Confirmation Service, but the true satisfaction of a job well done has come on the occasions when someone has enjoyed the service more because of our effort. We especially thank Miss Bennett whose persistence made these occasions possible.

MARTHA JERVIS-READ.

REPORT ON THE PENGUIN LECTURE

On Saturday, October twenty-eight, we were taken on an imaginary journey through the Falkland Islands to be with about seventeen species of a very rare bird — the penguin. This was the subject of the illustrated lecture given by Dr. Pettingill to a fascinated audience.

An interesting fact noticed was the environment that these penguins chose to live in. Every year they manage to seek their nests on steep cliffs where they have closely linked communities. Occasionally a penguin, especially a chick, would accidentally go to the wrong nest and as a result the owners would severely peck at it or trample on it. This did not bother it in the last. Another unusual feature of penguin life is the way in which the mother bird feeds her young until they are capable of supporting themselves. The parent sets out on an overland journey to the coast in search of shrimps. These are nourishment for the hungry offspring awaiting the parent's arrival. When the chicks are found the parent coughs up the shrimp and feeds it to the young.

As water is a penguin's natural habitat, swimming is his greatest skill. He can swim at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour just under the surface of the water. To enter the water the bird jumps feet first from a cliff, hoping he will reach water. Sometimes he misses the water and bounces off the rocks. This does not seem to affect the bird, for he just gets up and tries again, evidently keeping this proverb in mind: "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again."

As penguins cannot see very well they manage to move about only by instinct and smell. If a father with no eyesight loses his chick among hundreds of other chicks, one would think that the baby is lost forever, but in no time the baby is found. These are just a few of the many strange occurrences in the film that we saw.

Many of us agreed that the penguin is a very unusual bird and we wished that we had seen more of this fascinating "Journey to Meet the Penguins."

JOYCE HOLTON, VI A.

HALLOWE'EN AT KING'S HALL

Two gruelling hours of Prep had passed, and then it was time for all the fun and excitement of our Hallowe'en Supper and Party at K.H.C.

On November 3, 1967, the doors of the dining-room were opened for another Hallowe'en celebration. Everyone jostled in, "oohing" and "aahing" over the ghosts, witches, and various other monsters hanging from the ceiling. VI B certainly did a great job of the decorations.

When grace had been said by Miss Gillard, the school sat down to enjoy hot-dogs, orange ice-cream and candies. As usual, on Hallowe'en the Staff cleared and the girls were kept busy trying to empty a plate as soon as it was piled with tarts and other goodies.

When everyone had finished supper, Miss Gillard again said grace, and I am sure we were all thankful for such a tasty meal.

Then came the part of the evening that one and all had looked forward to most. Hallowe'en just would not be the same without skits. When we were all gathered in the gymnasium in our various costumes, a great hush fell over the waiting school — and in skipped Miss Bennett dressed as one of us, her tunic too short, and her hair tied up in little "pig tails." Shrieks of laughter echoed through the gym as the other Staff followed in various costumes, among them a ghost and an Arab. Some went completely mod and arrived in mini-skirts, and Miss Keyzer brought up the rear dressed as Santa Claus.

Each Form put on a skit. V A held a make-up contest, with Miss Morton, Miss Loader and Miss Richardson, who were blind-folded, applying the make-up to three innocent "victims." VI B held a "mock court" and charged several Matrics with serious crimes. The jury showed no mercy. The Matrics were all found guilty and received appropriate sentences.

When all the skits were over, several Staff were made to "bob for apples," and got very wet!

The evening was a great success and I am sure everyone is looking forward to another Hallowe'en at K.H.C.

ANNE RAMSDEN, VI A.

THE SUGARING-OFF AT MR. JOHANN'S

Once again Mr. and Mrs. Johann invited the Staff and girls of King's Hall to a sugaring-off at their beautiful farm. The day, April 11, was mild and sunny, but not too warm for enjoyment. Everyone had a gay and happy time and all wish to express the greatest appreciation of the unfailing kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Johann. The expedition to their home is one of the things most eagerly anticipated every spring.

STANSTEAD FOOTBALL DANCE**What?** — Stanstead Football Dance**Where?** — Stanstead College**When?** — Saturday, October 21st**Who?** — Stanstead College,
Bishop's College School, Compton.**Result?** — Fun!

As we, the VI A's and Matric's, hopped off the bus on that cold, damp day, we were greeted by a small group of boys who led all seventy beaming girls to the football game between B.C.S. and Stanstead. "Red! White! Red! White! Siss Boom Baa!" Stanstead defeated Bishop's. Time out!

We were then escorted to the large dining hall, where we had a casual buffet supper which made us feel at home. Now to the dance at Chez Snoopy with the Peanuts' gang! The auditorium was decorated with posters hanging on the walls and with balloons pocketed inside red and white streamers which hung from the ceiling. To put everyone in the real swing of things was "Simple Simon and the Piemen," a great band which played the top hits with a bang! Everyone was included in the fun, thanks to our gracious hosts. All good things must end and this was no exception, but memories of a good time are posted on the walls of the dorms, never to be forgotten.

CYNTHIA GILBRIDE,
PAMELA PORTEOUS, VI A.

THE FORMAL

On Saturday, January 20, King's Hall held its annual formal dance. The theme of the dance was "Under the Sea" and the decorations and lighting, both the work of the VI A Form, effectively carried this out. Fronds of crêpe-paper "seaweed" hung from the ceiling, and fish, mermaids and deep sea divers watched from their vantage points on the walls as a hundred and fifty girls acted as hostesses to representatives from B.C.S., Stanstead, and many other areas. The VI A's also decorated the lounge with posters on themes ranging from travels to "trips" for all those who wished for a quieter place for conversation. Refreshments were served in the dining room from ten o'clock on, and Compton's famous "Formal Punch" was served to the dancers when they left the gym during intermissions. Time flew, and all too soon the dance came to an end. As the tired couples came down from the gym, many carrying away souvenirs of the dance, all agreed that it was one of the best "formals" yet.

PATRICIA ANDERSON, Matric.

GUESTS OF B.C.S.

This year, so far, we have had three social events at B.C.S. The first one was the Tea Dance to which the whole school was invited. To start with, we were all paired off with the boys, according to the usual routine, and danced the first dance with them. After that first dance we then had our choice of partners for the rest of the evening. The psychedelic decorations were very well done harmonizing with the gaiety of the dance floor and adding to the atmosphere of the dance. A false ceiling was made by hanging big red weather balloons from strings across the gym and a strobe light was flashing incessantly from one corner of the room all evening. The walls were covered with numerous psychedelic pictures. Some of them were slides which were changed every now and then. The band which entertained us was the "Sceptres" who are quite well known, and they certainly kept us on our toes. Delicious food was available also for those who preferred eating to dancing! At one o'clock, unfortunately, as all good things must, our evening at B.C.S. came to an end.

The following term the two top Forms and any others invited went to B.C.S. for a skating party. This was something new, for we had never been to such a party before. I am sure we were all very glad to be able to skate in a large indoor rink; even those who could not skate very well had lots of fun.

Also, in the winter term the VI A and Matric. Forms went to B.C.S. for their annual winter carnival. In spite of a formidable snowstorm we all reached B.C.S. at about seven o'clock. The carnival was organized rather like a fair, with various booths where you could try your luck and test your skill. Later on there were skating contests for the boys competing from different Houses and after these events awards were given to the winners. The band was from B.U. During the evening, refreshments were served. By twelve-thirty we were all rather exhausted and so left B.C.S. hoping to return again soon.

In the spring term we are looking forward to the "Invitation Dance" at B.C.S. Unfortunately the magazine reports must be in before this dance takes place, but I am sure it will be as great a success as the others.

We wish to thank our hosts at B.C.S. for their unfailing hospitality.

JANE MEAGHER, VI A

B.C.S. SKATING PARTY

On Sunday, January 28, thirty-three girls from VI B, VI A and Matric. attended a skating party at B.C.S. from four until five-thirty. Many of the boys turned out to act as willing supports for a few who were braving the ice after long absence, while others formed crack-the-whip lines with the more proficient of the King's Hall brigade and proceeded to pulverize everything in their wake. Refreshments were served at five, and many willingly doffed their skates to pacify appetites swollen by exertion, while a hardier few stayed on to skate until five-thirty. At five forty-five a tired group left with the unanimous opinion that it was one of the best Sunday afternoons we had spent in a long time.

TRISHA ANDERSON, Matric.

STANSTEAD CARNIVAL

There was never a dull moment at the Stanstead Winter Carnival on February 10th, which also included a "Computer Dance." It was a pleasant innovation to have girls from St. Helen's as fellow guests.

The action started with a three-legged race in knee deep snow followed by a tug-of-war between the "Compton Lightweights and the Bugbees" which ended in victory for us. After that, broom ball held the spotlight while a hockey game, and dog sledding were going on. A short break for hot chocolate was succeeded by a scavenger hunt where we were given the run of the campus. The search for a World War I Flying Ace Helmet, a teddy bear, and a red toothbrush sent us on a wild goose chase.

In a moment of relaxation before supper, the princesses held our attention during a "sing-along" in their audition for queen. Anne Finckard and Kathy Oughtred were our representatives competing against Judy Bishop and Joanne Cornell from St. Helen's School. After dining, we danced! The theme of the decorations was "Winter Wonderland" and was effectively done with Walt Disney characters, giant white snowflakes and shiny tinsel icicles. Although the theme was cold, there was a "hot" band — "The Carnival Connections." Judy Bishop was chosen "Carnival Queen," and she well deserved the honour.

Good music, great spirits and "super" hosts all helped to make this a carnival to remember.

TONI COCHAND

WENDY HUGHSON, VI A.

Sports

THE SPORTS REPORT

It seems the time has arrived for us to compile our year of "work," or better, "play," into a report which we can read for years to come. Those tense exciting moments when the soccer score was one to one with seconds remaining in the game, or when the centre forward on the opposing team mistook your shin for the soccer ball are all things a Compton girl will never forget.

The soccer season came and because we had a field and many willing athletes, we were able to form a Junior and Senior team who played inter-school games. Under the supervision of Miss Keyzer and Miss Loader, the official team and other girls who were not quite so keen played soccer among themselves, with other classes, and also with other Houses in competition for the House Shield for Sports.

During the fall, however, soccer was not the sole sport. Our tennis enthusiasts were at it nearly every day and those participating in the "centennial physical fitness programme" could be seen at almost any time running their laps around the soccer field, or practicing the high jump. Seventeen girls received the gold award, fourteen the silver and eleven the bronze for attaining the required standards. Ten others received participation badges for completing the competition.

There was a large group of swimmers this year under the indefatigable guidance of Miss Loader, Miss Richardson, and Miss Whight. All thirty-nine girls who entered the Royal Life Saving Awards passed their bronze cross, or bronze medalion and their artificial respiration test. Besides the organized swimming programmes, on innumerable afternoons and evenings the pool was open for pleasure. Our annual inter-House meet was held on March 6. Girls chosen from each House competed in various races ranging from a heated crawl to a novelty race. The many fine swimmers and divers competing and the enthusiasm of the cheers on the sidelines made the meet exceptionally exciting. The result was that Montcalm came first, Macdonald second, and Rideau third.

As every year, a volleyball team was chosen from the Matric. Form to participate in a tournament at Sherbrooke High School. The team won their first two games and were defeated in their third, thus being excluded from the finals.

VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: M. WILSON, D. ELLSON, K. WINNER,
S. FERGUSON, J. WADDELL, V. OSCARSSON,
K. OUGHTRED, B. KIRBY, S. MACGREGOR,
V. BUCHANAN
Front Row: K. HARPUR, R. SHALOM, E. STEAD

Girls interested in inter-class volleyball games had an opportunity to play almost every afternoon. To make things fair — the Junior's and V A's had staggered rules.

Throughout the whole of the year the Junior and Senior Vaulting Clubs met under the supervision of Miss Loader.

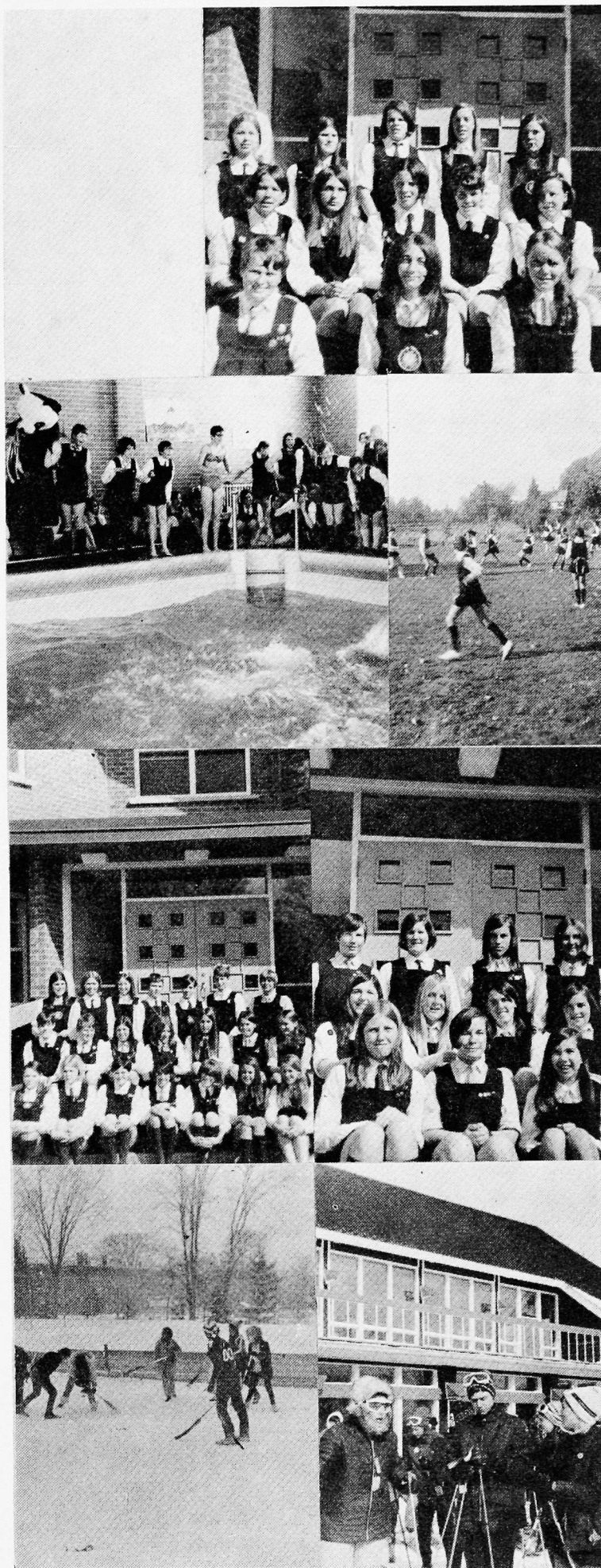
Badminton and table tennis tournaments were arranged in the second term for any interested students. The winner of the Junior badminton Singles was Ruth Maund; the Doubles' winners were Ruth Maund and Jane Taylor. The Senior Singles was won by Billie Johnston and the Doubles by Billie Johnston and Cyndy Gilbride. In table tennis the Junior Singles was won by Terry Robinson, and the Doubles by Diane Crause and Edwina Adair. The Senior Singles' winner was Vicky Oscarsson and Doubles' winners were Jane Meagher and Pamela Porteous. A silver cup is usually given to each of the winners at the Closing in June.

This winter we had an unusual amount of skiing in the second term. There were expeditions to Hillcrest three days a week and for the first time we had a day's skiing at Mount Orford. As always there were Matric. volunteers who taught the beginners a few elementary things about skiing on our own Church Hill, this gave them enough confidence and control to join the school at Hillcrest.

Miss Keyzer devised a contest open to the whole school, with a reward for those who completed it. The participants must take a half-mile hike to the pond every day for twenty-days, must spend fifteen minutes doing exercises every day for twenty-three days, must read two good books and do various other things. Because of the cold winter not everyone completed this contest, but those who did were well rewarded with the privilege of attending an "Ian and Sylvia" concert at Bishop's University on March 10.

A little skating rink was available for those interested in skating and there were numerous girls who made use of it.

1. Volleyball
2. The Swimming Meet
3. Hey! Where did the ball go?
4. Senior Vaulting Club
5. Junior Vaulting Club
6. Ladies first! Stanstead Broomball
7. Skiing at Orford



One afternoon after classes a snow sculpture contest was held. Each House occupied a certain area on the soccer field and erected their contributions to the contest. Rideau placed first, Macdonald — second, and Montcalm — third.

The last term brought with it sunshine and an amazing amount of enthusiasm for tennis. Girls could be seen on the courts at all hours of the day, from six o'clock in the morning until comparable hours at night. The girls played not only for the tournament but also for their own pleasure, or just for fun in the afternoons.

Events involving high jumping, javelin throwing, broad jumping, discus and sprints were organized by Miss Loader for those interested in track.

In our opinion this has been an exceptionally full year. Everyone has had something to do in the way of sports. We would like to thank Miss Loader, Miss Keyzer and all the other Staff who made possible our trips to Hillcrest and who helped organize the other sports outings. We know it is very easy to forget the trouble which Miss Loader has taken to see that there is always a tournament, a contest, or afternoon sports to keep us occupied, besides interesting things to do in gym and vaulting. We would also like to take this opportunity to express our best wishes to the Sports Captains of next year. We hope you enjoy your office as we have enjoyed ours — Good Luck.

KATHY and NORA.



SENIOR SOCCER

Back Row: H. McGRAW, J. HOLTON, B. JOHNSTON, S. WOTHERSPOON
 Middle Row: C. MACDONALD, M. PATTON, W. HUGHSON, V. BUCHANAN, N. COOK, K. WINNER
 Front Row: D. ELLSON, V. OSCARSSON, B. KIRBY, E. STEAD, K. HARPUR



JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row: D. HORNIG, M. DESGROSEILLERS, H. STEAD, C. PARKER, D. LAURIE, C. MONTANO
 Middle Row: L. SETLAKWE, P. GREY, N. WORTHEN, P. TILLEY, D. HORRAX
 Front Row: L. MCTIER, P. DEAN, E. NELLES

MONT ORFORD

After lunch on Tuesday, February nineteenth, everyone scrambled into the waiting busses . . . destination? . . . Orford!

Most of us could not believe that we were actually there until each group separated to take its first run. It did not take long before the sub-zero temperature, combined with a stiff wind, forced a large majority to take refuge in the chalet. The braver skiers followed closely behind, however, and after a quick bite to eat all were back on the hills with the sun to warm them up.

In no time we had to go home, and apart from frost bite, lost articles, and less pocket money, I think it was unanimously agreed that everyone had a "fantastic" time — thanks to all the Staff members, especially Miss Keyzer, who made possible the first trip to Orford in the history of K.H.C.

PAMELA ROSENTHAL, Matric.





V B and IV A

Back Row: M. WEST, T. ORLANDINI, A. AGUAYO, V. FULLER, B. BISHOP, M. SEVEIGNY, A. BROWN
 Middle Row: R. FOWLER, A. PERLEY-ROBERTSON, C. BUTTERWORTH, A. BEANE, S. HUMPHRIES, G. BARKER
 Front Row: K. SAUNDERS, A. SISE, C. RAWLINSON, B. PIDCOCK

IV A AND V B FORM REPORT

Here we are again to tell the year's biography of the Juniors. There were fourteen girls in V B and three in IV A. We were all very happy to be in the new residence, though we miss our old cottage.

We played a great deal of soccer this year and we are all sure that our leg muscles have developed very strongly.

To collect money for the Red Cross we put together a "Horror House" — we made \$15.00 approximately.

Most of us joined in with the rest of the senior school to go both to the "Formal" and the Tea-Dance.

This was a great skiing year and as well as going to and having fun at Hillcrest we all took a day off and bombed over to Orford for a whole day's skiing.

We were very grateful to Miss Gillard, Mrs. Carr and Dorothy for allowing us and helping us to have a skating and swimming party with B.C.S. We were also invited there for a very enjoyable evening of skating and tobogganing.

We went with the rest of the school to "Iolanthe" which was very good and in which several of our Staff participated.

This year we all (IV A, V B and V A) put on an operetta which was a medley of many of Gilbert and Sullivan's works. Since it went off well at School we decided to take it to the Dixville Home . . . which we did.

We are looking forward to putting on another operetta for the closing called "School and Crossbones."

We had a very nice farm-tobogganing party put on by Mrs. Carr followed by delicious peanut-butter sandwiches, milk and cookies.

We participated also in the swimming, which was a lot of fun and in which our voices got pretty hoarse from cheering for our Houses.

This spring most of the school went to a sugaring-off at Mr. Johann's and had a lovely time.

Many of us joined the tennis tournaments this term. It was great sport.

We would like to thank Miss Morton for being our Form Mistress and also our dear Matron Mrs. Carr, who to our disappointment is leaving King's Hall this year. Our thanks also to Dorothy Neal, Mrs. Carr's assistant, for helping us all.

So . . . until next year . . . so long!

ROBIN FOWLER and ANNE BROWN, V B.



V A

Back Row: S. JERVIS-READ, A. SINCLAIR, S. GLADSTONE, V. ROLPH, D. MASSIE, J. FULLER, D. LAURIE, D. CROUSE, H. HAYES, M. MUSGRAVE
 Middle Row: C. MONTANO, C. LAMBERT, D. LAU, N. WORTHEN, L. PADDON, D. HORRAX, S. MURRAY, S. BUTTERWORTH, M. MCFARLANE.
 Front Row: B. SKELTON, T. ROBINSON, F. THOMSON, E. ADAIR, T. SILNEY, L. DUVAL, C. LEVESQUE, C. TABACINIC, P. DEAN, A. MACCULLOCH

THE V A FORM REPORT

This year was a very interesting year. We all came back to school in September very eager to know what the new building, "Gillard House", would be like. It took us about one week to know our way around the building. All the stairways and exits! Very often one would find oneself a little lost.

Soon after the beginning of the term we picked our Form and sports captain. Our Form captain was Sally Butterworth, and sports captain was Vicki Rolph.

Almost as soon as we got back we started playing soccer. It was lots of fun, and we had girls from all parts of the world who had never played soccer before, and they just loved it. We even had a junior and senior soccer team, and one afternoon we went over to Sherbrooke High School to play against them.

As the days went on, it got colder and we couldn't play soccer any more, so we started playing volleyball and badminton in the gym. Before we knew, Hallowe'en was here, and we all put on little skits and it was really lots of fun. Then came the Tea Dance at B.C.S. and almost everybody went.

By this time it was nearing the end of term. We had been working on an operetta based on four of

Gilbert and Sullivan's operas all term, and finally the end of term came and we put it on in front of the school. We enjoyed doing it and we hoped that everybody enjoyed it.

After the Christmas holidays, we came back and put on the operetta again for the Dixville Home. This is a home for retarded children, and we felt that they enjoyed it. This term our Form captain was Candy Montano and sports captain was Nancy Worthen.

We all participated in skiing and skating, and before we knew it, it was time to go home again, but before we went home we had events such as the swimming meet, and the formal dance.

We came back again all eager to work. Very near the beginning we went sugaring-off at Mr. Johann's farm. The weather got lovely and warm and it was a most enjoyable term.

Our Form mistress was Miss Bennett and we all want to thank her very much for all the help she has given us especially with the play, and although she is always very busy, she always had time to listen to our problems and helped us as best she could.

CANDY MONTANO, V A.



VI B

Back Row: D. MALONE, T. ELLSON, B. LLOYD, C. PARKER, R. MAUND, H. STEAD, C. THURN, C. MITCHELL, K. MORRIS, E. MARKHAM
 Middle Row: M. DESGROSEILLERS, C. BEATTIE, J. AIRD, L. SETLAKWE, F. BARKER, M. GRIDALE, C. MCRAE, B. SINCLAIR, H. MOZES, D. MATHESON
 Front Row: N. CHAN, A. MURRAY, P. GREY, S. INGRAM, T. HAY, E. NELLES, P. ROWLAND, L. MCTIER, K. AHAMED, J. MARCUSE, B. LEE

Absent: E. ABOUD, S. MCMAHON, J. OLIVIER, S. ROTHSCHILD, J. TAYLOR

VI B FORM REPORT

Splash! First in the pond in 1968! Our other achievements have been a successful production of "Mistress Bottom's Dream," thanks to Miss Hewson; a sponge toffee sale, bringing us \$42.00 for the Red Cross; and the completing of the competition by a few persevering girls, which enabled them to see Ian and Sylvia at Bishop's University. Two plans for the future are a Form picnic and a talent show to be presented to the school for the benefit of the Red Cross. Linda Mactier has been a very competent Red Cross representative this year.

The girls of VI B represent many different nationalities — such as South Americans, Costa Ricans, Jamaicans, Americans, Chinese and even some Canadians. Our Form mistress lives in Rhodesia. Miss Loader has done her best in coping with our various problems and granting several of our requests and we all greatly appreciate her kindness.

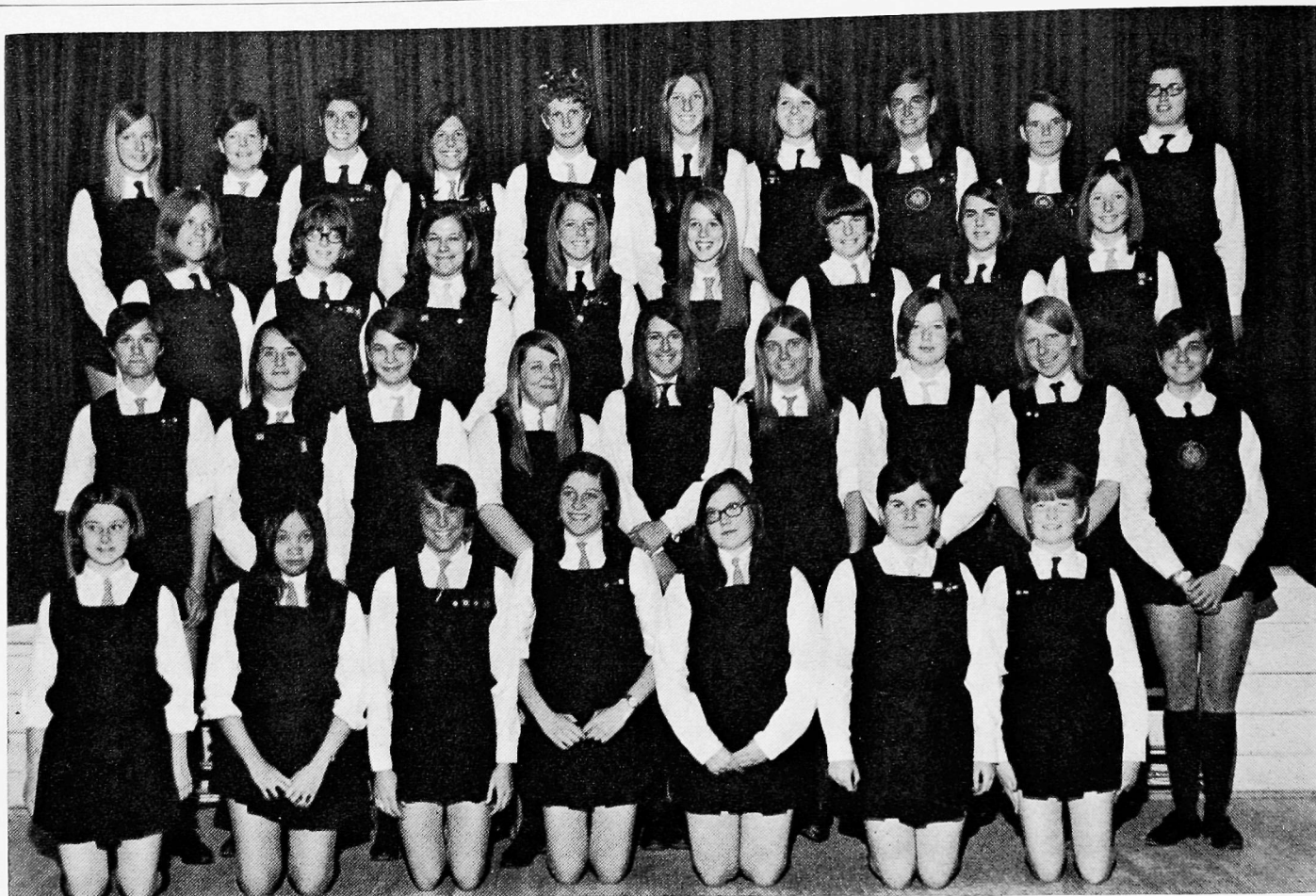
We have been fortunate to have seen several shows at Bishop's University and Bishop's College

School. The plays "Book of the Month" and "Henry V," the musical "Iolanthe" and a recital by Emlyn Williams will be remembered by all of us. As a special privilege, VI B and V A saw the movie of the Royal Ballet's production of "Romeo and Julliet."

Both classes have had enthusiastic, reliable girls as Form Captains and Sports Captains. The Form Captains of VI B Large were Tina Hay and Elaine Aboud. The Sports Captains were Elaine Aboud, Brenda Sinclair and Nina Chan. VI B Small's Form Captains were Ruth Maund and Louise Setlakwe. The Sports Captains for VI B Small were Poppy Rowland, Jane Taylor, and Brenda Lloyd. The Magazine Representative for VI B was Debbie Matheson.

All in all this has been a busy year for VI B and we hope that next year will be even better.

DEBBIE MATHESON,
 ELAINE ABOUD,
 JANE OLIVIER,
 ANNIE MURRAY.



VI A

Row I: R. KUNKLE, A. CHAN, P. PORTEOUS, M. GRAHAM, P. TILLEY, M. CRESSY, M. ELLIS
 Row II: R. HALPERN, K. FOX, S. NEWTON, N. JAQUITH, G. HOERIG, C. LOVE, C. BOWIE, E. KREDL, C. LEWIS
 Row III: G. MURPHY, C. GILBRIDE, P. HAY, T. COCHAND, W. HUGHSON, M. COX, J. HACKETT, A. RAMSDEN
 Row IV: D. HORNIG, M. PATTON, J. CONN, H. MCGRAW, C. MACDONALD, B. JOHNSTON, J. HOLTON, J. MEAGHER, J. LANG
 K. JEFFERSON

Absent: M. FRANCES, R. HERCY, P. MORE

VI A FORM REPORT

This has been a great year for VI A. We started off with Helen McGraw as sports captain and member of the soccer team. Billie Johnston and Rhona Halpern were our Form captains and led us into victory in soccer and volleyball against other Forms. Cynny Gilbride was our "old St. Nick," and handed out the stockings with a big "Ho Ho!" Peggy Tilley and Phyllis Hay were our Red Cross representatives, and did a really great job.

Second term swept into activity on the mountainous slopes of Hillcrest. VI A was out in full force, but it proved too much for some of us and resulted in broken and twisted limbs. Our Form captains were Debbie Hornig and Cynny Gilbride, and sports captain was Pam Porteous.

While the Matrics. were laboriously working at exams, we took over their duties. It was fun, but a little trying. We certainly gained experience for next year.

Third term swung into action with our Easter raffle for the Red Cross, and a huge chocolate bunny

was offered as a prize. Once again our Form captains changed. This time Pam Porteous and Cathy Bowie were our valiant leaders, and Billie Johnston our sports captain. The VI A's were auctioned off as slaves on April 19, and we were sold to anyone who would have us! We worked hard and the proceeds (over \$69) went to the Red Cross.

We all send our heart-felt thanks to Miss Morris, who has been a very kind and understanding Form mistress. She has done much to promote our welfare, and listened patiently to our many grievances brought up at our Form meetings at break.

It has been a great year for all VI A, topped off for a few of us by a Matric. exam. Goodbye '68. Here's to '69, and we're ready!

Written by,

PAM PORTEOUS
 RHONA HALPERN
 CATHY BOWIE
 CYNNY GILBRIDE
 DEBBIE HORNIG
 ANNE RAMSDEN

MATRIC REMINISCENCES

Baby Face — Sunday excursion to Stanstead — subject, verb, object — sitting down, please girls — the Kathy cubed balcony — the '67 shed — oxygen, we need more oxygen — the bird — ramassez vos affaires — 'peak up, 'peak up — Googan — Joe Bananas — Jell-o — immersion unit — Lovin' Sound — Mont Jolie — the sugar shack — crunchie bars — ice-cream in "chez" — Mini-flowered envelopes — Mary Poppins on the cottage roof — Stu at midnight — Matric. week community coke bottle — pig farm — Ernie — Rockcliff — piggi-backing — flying cherries — Daph — weak kidneys — Tripping over paper clips — 649, part two — Split ends — Choir at Stanstead — banana mush — peanut butter in "chez" — Matric. play — Jani's stomach — LOWNEYS — licorice — studying in the bathroom — computer dance — cupboards — the '68 formal — princesses — pansy parties — V A pond with B.C.S. — tie your hair back — you will have a — 10! — it does not smell sweet flowers in here — stop talking — girdle around knees — green suitcase — coffee on the corridor — drying room parties — Miss Stickney's prunes — 3X around the school — Bomps — Jerry and Sally — Bernie — Vicky's glasses — plans for the Grad — batman — "there's no stopping us now" ... Skipping in Prefect room — exercises — jet plane-bongo board — je suis au régime — 35 cents — Saturday night at the movies — Napoleon and his horse — bells — Jani's VI B job — "bagged!" — kitchen raids — B.C.S. Sunday — turtles — crock walks — simple rules for simple people — returns — navy blue? — Orford — crazy legs. — Miss Keyzer — a most wonderful Form mistress.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

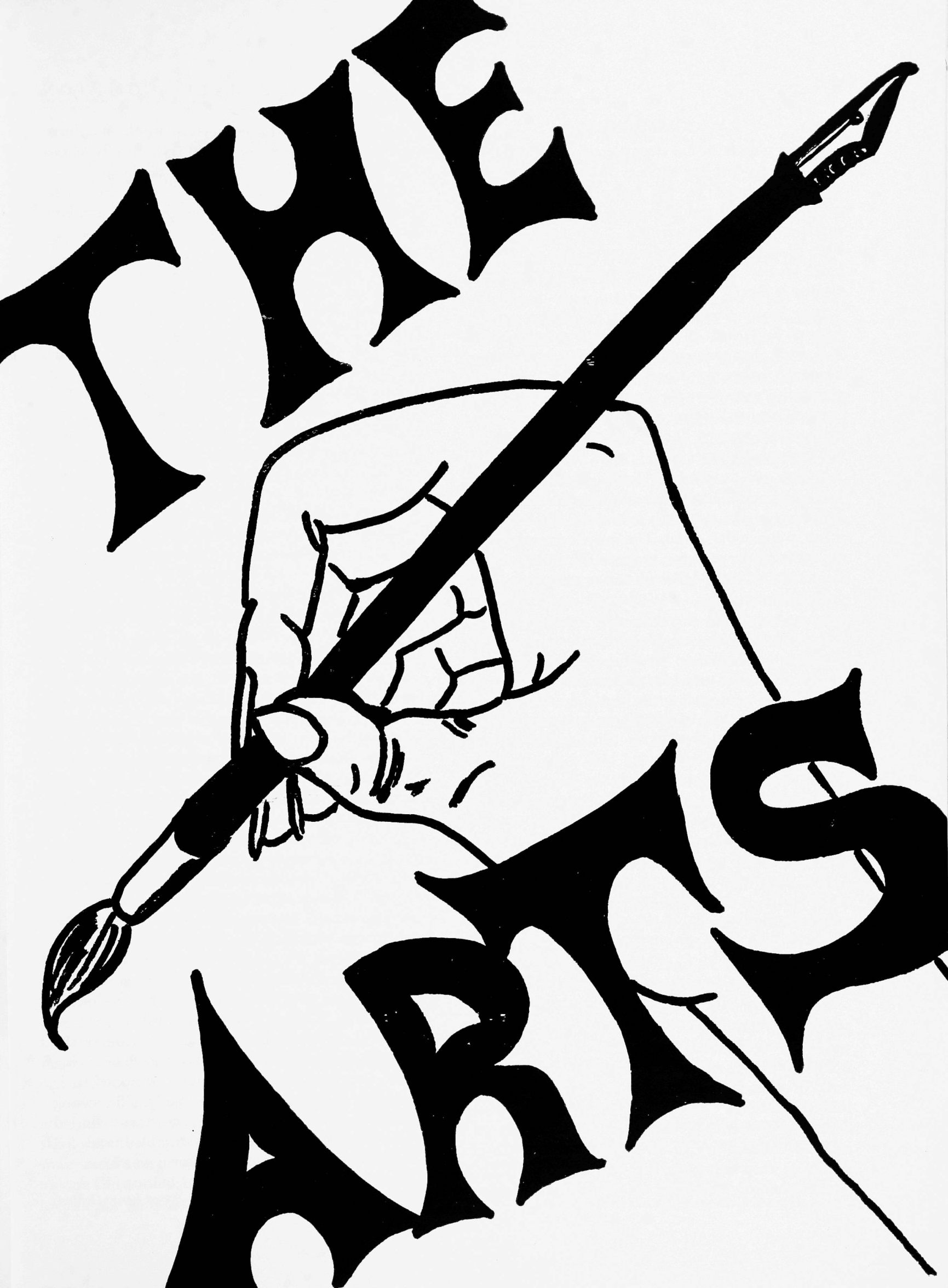
Back Row: S. MAGREGOR, N. COOK, G. MAGEE, R. SHALOM
 Front Row: J. AYLWARD, P. ANDERSON, V. OSCARSSON,
 K. OUGHTRED



'WHAT KHC does for its girls.'

(or what they do to themselves by eating like a bird — continuously)

Autographs



T.V. COMMERCIALS

Every muscle in his strong body was flexed, his hands were becoming slippery from sweat, his grip was weakening. The cliff beneath was steep and rocky and a fall would mean certain death. Then suddenly a voice interrupts. "Are you sick and tired of scraping and scratching at that ground-in-black grease? Then stop! New foamy "zippo" oven cleaner is here!"

How many times when you are sitting on the edge of your chair at the climax of your favourite T.V. show, has some man with a painful, throbbing headache appeared whose face makes you feel about the same way he does, wanting sympathy from an aspirin? Too many, I am sure. That well-known over-worked line, "Now we will take time out for our sponsor—!"

Today you hardly have time to get settled into your programme before it is interrupted. Advertisements are so numerous it is no wonder it takes three years to finish one serial. The modern commercials are so frequent very soon they will be saying, "Now we will pause for a short look at our programme."

Ridiculous as commercials may seem, we must look at them from the advertiser's point of view; commercials are needed to pay for the various programmes we see today. To compete with the many products on the market today companies must make their product known and more impressive than those of their competitors, and television is the best way. Just think, if it were not for the Gillette super-blue blades no one would ever be able to find out whether Julia, the seventeen year old millionaire, finally married Tom, the garbage collector, or if her sister survived her terrible accident in the dramatic serial "As the Sun Rises."

On the other hand, advertisements can provide just enough time for the hungry watcher who has been taken by the irresistible potato chip "crackle" to run into the kitchen and grab a snack or do that last minute homework, or if she is smart to put little sister to bed and be back just in time to see that blondes really do have more fun.

However, some advertisements are so exaggerated that they disillusion young children, especially when the tiger in the box of Tide growls at their favourite actor, who is half-frightened out of his wits, or when the friendly maid Mary Miles flies into the window with her bottle of ivory liquid. Other advertisements can even be dangerous if inspired children try to do what is demonstrated. Trying to whip the creamy dishwashing liquid "Lux" and accidentally leaving it on the counter where it

could be used as whipped cream would not have very amusing results, nor would trying to fly across the kitchen floor on their "heel mark shield."

Commercials must thoroughly confuse the young housewife who is trying to decide what kind of kleenex she should buy. When she is completely "sold" on the two-ply tissue, then she hears of another which is stronger and does not tear when wet. What shall she do? For a mother trying to buy cereal to please all her children the problem is solved. She must buy the kind having the free gifts inside so that the youngsters will eat the cereal in order to get the toys. The wife who is arguing with her husband must remember that it takes only a short time "to wash away the grey" and he will feel young again just looking at her. The argument will be forgotten.

No matter how annoying commercials may seem they are essential for the programme, and if you have an open mind you can make the best of them, but don't forget: "If you have a cold, rest in bed, drink plenty of fluids and take aspirin."

PAMELA PORTEOUS, VI A.

(Speech which won second place in McGill Alumnae Public Speaking Semi-Final contest in Sherbrooke, on January 29th).

FIGHT OF NATURE

Yesterday was Winter in his roughest mood. Wind bolted through the fields like lightning, whispering harsh words to the trembling cedars. He thundered over the grand snowbanks until they crumpled into a million snowmen. The snowmen pranced, skipped and danced behind him; some stumbled and fell, while others scampered along, twirling and murmuring to themselves. As they darted on, more joined in until they formed a snowy cover across the jeering sun. They all joined in harmonious chorus, howling, jeering, moaning, whining. The sun, now defeated, crept behind the rumbling clouds. During this time, except for the wild excited sounds of Winter and the whispering of the snowmen, there was not a sound uttered by man. He felt only the warmth at his smouldering fires. The cold obscurity of the evening was locked outside. The Wind swirled along until he reached the old Cathedral where he dashed around the frozen pendulum. He raced on. The snowmen, being far too curious about the pendulum, wrapped their heavy blanket around her solid body. She swung back and forth. The startled snowmen whirled away, chasing the Wind. He stumbled and fell beneath their thick cover. The storm was over.

CYNDY GILBRIDE, VI A.

(Tied for First Place Upper School Essay Contest)

LIFE IS A DREAM

The night was dark and lonesome
Far off a lone wolf howled;
The moon sank in behind the clouds
Near by a wildcat prowled.

A rabbit hopped across the snow
An owl came swooping down;
And suddenly this peaceful spot
Was Nature's battleground.

They struggled here a little while
Then everything was still;
The owl and its prey were gone
And silence hung round the hill.

Again there was the lone wolf's cry
And then the wildcat's scream;
Maybe being allowed to live
Is only just a dream.

PAT MORE, VI A.

(Winner of Upper School Poetry Contest)

TEENAGERS

**(Speech which came second in
School's Public Speaking Competition)**

What word do we see most often in the newspaper? "Teenager!" What exactly is a teenager? A teenager is anyone between the ages of twelve and twenty. During this period the adolescent experiences many changes . . . physical, mental and emotional.

The physical difference is the most easy to see. When young people undergo these changes they become very embarrassed and concerned about what others may think. This is unnecessary, for all of us must go through this same stage. The age at which teens seem grown up varies greatly. Some may be quite mature when they are thirteen and others not until they are seventeen or eighteen.

Many girls worry because they are what they call "fat." Fatness may be caused by glandular trouble or overeating, but usually it is just what is known as "baby fat." These extra rolls around the tummy should disappear in a few years. If you are like me, your mother has been telling you this for the last four years and still you have those flabby tires! Oh well, looks aren't everything . . . or so they say!

The fashions also change when one turns from child to teenager. It now matters how short the skirt and how tight the sweater! No longer do we wear ankle socks or frilly little dresses, but net nylons and mini skirts. Really, it is most important to find the suitable clothing to accent your figure

(whatever it may be) and to wear these clothes on the appropriate occasions.

The mental strain during these seven years is often very great. These years are the most fruitful of our lives. This is when we get our education. Besides gaining knowledge in school each individual must adapt herself to an adult way of thinking and understanding as the years go by.

One thing that puts pressure on the brain is the opposite sex! It seems that nowadays all that matters is if you have been asked to the sockhop by the football quarterback. The strain is not upon the popular ones, but on the ones that aren't so well liked, the ones whom no one will ask to "those certain dances." Usually these people sit in front of the mirror for hours trying to find out what is wrong with them. The majority will adjust to their group in a year or so, but sometimes we hear about teens who are not very well-balanced and resort to drastic measures like jumping off bridges and taking drugs.

Even the best balanced and best adjusted teens must meet many crises which put a whole new aspect on living. Some of these are concerned with our relationships with others in the environment, with God, and with ourselves. As young adults the views on such subjects as religion, love, and war become predominant in the mind. All these things produce ideas about how the individual should think and act. Although the problems are great and frequently very hard they add to our knowledge and help us to grow up into trustworthy, capable adults.

The emotional changes also vary greatly from one teenager to another. There are many meanings for the word "love." There is the love for our family, a future love for a boy friend, a love for the pet dog, and a love for a true friend. We must also remember the strong word "hate" which we often use unknowingly. We do not really mean that we hate something or someone, but that it has annoyed us for the moment.

During the years as a teenager we go from nearly a child to nearly an adult. In this time we feel sadness, anger, jealousy, fear, anxiety, loneliness, and depression. We must learn to understand these complex emotions so that we can use them constructively to be ready for whatever may occur. The most important thing we should know in order to get anywhere is not to follow like sheep but to be individuals. We must say what we feel. We must be OURSELVES!

MARTHA COX, VI A.

(Tied for First Place Upper School Essay Contest)

WHY?

Black was her hair
 Like oil at night;
 Black were her eyes
 Dark pools of light;
 These brought no cries
 Or wrath or of hate
 But black was her skin
 And black was her fate.

RUTH MAUND, VI B.

(Winner of Lower School Poetry Contest)

COMPENSATIONS

In a cottage in the heart of the oak trees lived a man and his wife. Each year the man planted oaks to replace timber-cut trees because he must buy bread and drink for himself and his wife, and because he loved the trees. He watered his trees with cold clear spring water and gently propped up the drooping heads of the growing plants on particularly hot days. He caressed the baby leaves and saw that each day the sun stretched his trees from earth toward sky. On a windy, autumn day he would sit beneath his full-grown oaks and watch the acorns pelt the ground. When nature had given the acorns a spurt of life in the soil the man transplanted the healthiest and strongest growths and cared for them. Yet despite his attention, a few plants died each season. He grieved for the loss of even these few, but he mourned them briefly and turned to give his other plants more love and care. But the man never heard the wind breathing in his oaks nor listened to the splash of rain around the saplings, for he was deaf.

The man's wife kept the cottage and loved her husband. They knew different worlds, and each day she walked to the spring, which bubbled down from the mountain, and filled an earthen jug with water for the house. Before hurrying back she would wash the water over her wrists and laugh to feel the wet fingers tickle and tickle over her wrists, and often while her husband was tending his trees, she would sit for hours and feed the robins and sparrows (and an occasional quarrelsome bluejay.) It pleased her to hear their gay chatter. But the man's wife never saw the splashing water nor compared the colours of the robins' breasts, for she was blind.

And so the man and his wife lived in the cottage in the woods. They knew different worlds in sound

and sight, but shared the love of touching and of drawing strength from all the glories around them.

In time the man and his wife knew that they would have a baby. The couple waited with anxious love for the yet unborn child, who would, when it came, demand all the use of its parents' senses of sight and hearing and touch.

A boy was born in the time of falling acorns, and the oaks sighed loudly so that the baby would hear the sound of his world.

The man brought his son with him to watch the sun stretching the oaks. He gloried in the tiny smile which the baby bestowed on the sunstruck leaves. Yet if the sun ran away or the wind blew cold, he ached at seeing the tears on his son's face.

The man's wife swept the cottage to the gurgled tune of her baby's laugh. She took him to the doorway and let him hear the birds chatter. She laughed to feel the baby's fingers entwined in her hair. Yet if the baby were hungry or the fire were out, she held him close and ached at hearing his gasps of baby grief.

When the couple walked together under the oaks, the little boy toddled after them. He clutched old, dried twigs and sticks and placed them at the feet of his father. He tried to catch a robin for his mother. In his calm, childish way he brought all his possessions of the moment to the only people he knew.

After several seasons of oaks the child was a sturdy boy, and his parents decided to bring him to the village market, where local news was traded with almost-ripe vegetables. The couple entered the town most splendidly; the man wore his best vest and proudest smile; his wife, smiling sweetly, leaned on her husband's arm, and behind the couple walked the beautiful little boy with bright eyes, carrying the couple's bags. The villagers hurried to see this wonder from the house of the Blind Woman and the Deaf Man. Oh, the child could see! ("For look how he watches us";) and the child could hear! ("For look how he turns to us when we speak.").

The villagers questioned this child to see what he had been taught by his blind mother and deaf father. He smiled and looked at the villagers. He gurgled and nodded his head, but he said nothing.

By afternoon on market day the whole town knew that the child could not speak. The man looked at his son and wept for what he had not seen, and the man's wife mourned for what she had not heard.

ROBIN KUNKLE, VI A.

(Winner of Upper School Story Contest)

WHERE THE ROBINS ARE

It was early December and in the Bradley house on the Cape in Massachusetts, there was a lot of work to be done because Susan Bradley was coming home for her Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Bradley, an elderly stepmother to Susan, was planning Susan's vacation. In the midst of doing this she was thinking of things to get Susan for Christmas, because she loved her dearly and wanted to make her happy.

Susan was to arrive home on the tenth. Mrs. Bradley had decided to get Susan something really special that she would always have. It was a golden locket, with a turquoise inset. Inside was a picture of Susan's father and stepmother.

Susan arrived home promptly on the tenth, and friends and parents were at the station to meet her. Over the vacation Susan shopped, went to many parties and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

It was now Christmas Eve, and Susan had gone to bed; Mr. Bradley soon afterwards retired. Mrs. Bradley was left thinking about the following morning. She hid Susan's present on the tree for her to find in the morning.

Tragedy struck the Bradley house that night. Mrs. Bradley had a heart attack, and it was very sudden; therefore nothing could be done and she died.

In the morning presents were opened, Mr. Bradley thinking maybe it might take Susan's mind off her mother's death. But, things were just unbearably saddened and gloomy.

The locket was not found, and since Mr. Bradley knew nothing of it, he put the tree out in the cold with tinsel still on it, and the locket.

It was two years after the Christmas of her mother's death that Susan found out about the locket. She had walked into the barn in their back yard, and on the floor was a bird's nest. The nest was woven with twigs and tinsel and the radiant and shining locket.

Susan picked it out of the strands and opened it. A piece of quite undamaged paper fell out. Susan read it aloud, "To Susan, with all my love, Mom, Christmas, 1966"

Susan also saw the two pictures.

It was a Robin's nest.

DIANA HORRAX, V A.

(Winner of Lower School Story Contest)

TWO OF A KIND?

A good friend and an old pair of shoes have much in common. A good friend will last a long time and so do old shoes. A good friend sticks it out however hard the going gets, and so do old shoes. A good friend and old shoes go where you go, nearly always. A good friend is around when you're "down in the dumps." So are old shoes. Good friends may polish up on manners and get new ideas, but they are still good friends. Old shoes get polished quite a bit and get new laces, but they're still old shoes. Friends, of course, have other friends, but even old shoes must be sociable when sharing a closet. A good friend usually stands up for your rights. Old shoes may not stand up for your rights, but at least they help you stand up on your own. You see, even different things like these have common interests.

JANE OLIVIER, VI B.

(Winner of Lower School Essay Contest)

SILENCE

Silence

Silence everywhere—

In the trees, where small birds sat

Shivering in the twilight;

In the fields, where cattle stood unmoving

In small, lonely groups;

And in the ponds, where large bull-frogs

Wallowed quietly in stagnant water.

In the west a dull red glow grew larger;

It spread, and lit up the sky.

Not a living thing stirred, and everything waited

For a noise, a movement, anything to relieve

The awful agony of waiting.

It came. At first a low rumbling;

Then a great shaking and roaring;

The sky was afire, and everything

Whether living or not

Disappeared in the roaring inferno.

Silence

Dead silence—

In the smouldering remains of trees where small
birds lay

A mass of burnt and blackened feathers;

In the fields where charred remains of cattle

Lay exposed to the cold night air;

And in the ponds where bull-frogs floated

On top of stagnant water.

ANNE RAMSDEN, VI A.

LONELINESS

"Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk to you again. . ." At this point in the song I snapped off my radio and shoved it into my pocket. For the last five or ten minutes I had been walking aimlessly, and now as I look up I find myself on a dimly lit street, lined with big old houses most of which are deserted. Ordinarily I would perhaps have been frightened of the night, have jumped at every sound and quickened my pace, but tonight the darkness seemed to reach out and engulf me in its friendly solitude, compelling me to trust it for the first time in my life.

My desire for some kind of peace of mind began this morning when I had woken up to confusion in the house — people running in all directions in an effort to collect their belongings and get off to school on time, combined with the doorbell and telephone ringing simultaneously. Finally, as I managed to get a cup of tea and glance at the headlines of the daily newspaper I found to my dismay that the headlines held no news with any element of happiness. The day had begun so badly for me that I decided to restrain my feelings of mild irritation, escape the confusion of the house and go downtown with an absolutely indifferent attitude, neither upset nor happy. But I didn't find what I was searching for downtown — I don't even know what it was really, whether I thought I would find solace in the windy squares, the milling crowds and the neon signs, or just comfort in being in a thriving nucleus. My mind still unsatisfied, I returned home. I did not feel like dinner, so I just sat around growing more disheartened by the minute. It was then that I decided to phone. I knew that a phone call would change my mood in one way or another. It would either really help my mood or do the exact opposite.

So here I am walking down this dark street, my mind thrust into the depths of despair, my last hope of obtaining some consolation obliterated. A sharp click echoes about the street and I look up to see a purple haze of smoke drift slowly upward past the boy's face. He gives me a long look, one with perhaps a touch of melancholy. I want so much, simply to ask, "Are you as lonely as I?" but I refrain and keep on walking, keep on thinking and trying to analyze myself and find out just why I am so depressed and so lonely. The darkness is cool and soothes my distraught mind and tranquilizes my troubled soul. Looking up I find myself in an almost deserted park. The only being there is an old man sitting on a bench but a stone's throw away.

He looks so downcast that I forget my own loneliness and my first impulse is to run over and sit down beside him and ask him if he has just lost a beloved wife or if he is lonely because he has children who grew up and have left him and now think that he is just a crotchety old man. Again I resist the impulse to talk to a stranger and continue walking. As I near the front door of my house I stop for a few minutes to contemplate the darkness, tonight my friend. I think of how I am usually wary of it, how I am afraid of people and sounds that appear from it. But tonight I know that I found a real friend. When I was so lonely and when my tangible friend had failed me, the darkness had reached out and absorbed me, had listened to my problem without criticism. It had eased my state of loneliness by directing my thoughts to two people, both of whom I felt so much sympathy for; it made me realize that there were many people as lonely as I and it consequently took my mind off myself. It also made me realize that my despair was probably light compared to theirs, that they needed me not to mistrust them and run away, not to stop and talk, but just to look, understand and smile.

As I turn to go inside, my soul filled with renewed hope and happiness that I had found a friend who had relieved my loneliness by helping others in a silent way, the darkness does not reach out and try to draw me back nor does it turn against me for leaving as soon as my needs have been fulfilled. It merely seems to say, "You have found a new friend, one who understands your needs and who will be with you every day of your life, wherever you are, to help you when you seek condolence and to embrace you when all mortals have deserted you."

VICTORIA BUCHANAN, Matric.

MEMORIES REMAIN

When we first found him he was just a small shivering bundle of fur. It was a cold rainy day and the pup had climbed into an overturned garbage can for shelter. We found him there and took him into the house. We washed him and fed him and put him in a box beside the old wood stove. After he was nourished back to health he decided that he liked us and would stay.

That was fourteen years ago, when our dog Sam came to us. Now he is gone. He died last night in his sleep and he was buried this morning. We will really miss Old Sam, but the memories of the good times that we had together will remain with us forever.

PAT MORE, VI A.

A QUIET PART OF NATURE

At birth it pokes its undeveloped head out into the brilliant, glowing sunshine, with the fresh, damp crispness in the air. It slowly pushes its way up trying vigorously to grow. Finally, by the end of a fortnight it has grown about two or three vital inches.

Its mother does not help it, but leaves it to struggle through its life alone. The mother may be near-by but she does not try in any helpful way to show love to it. This living thing does not feel emotion, bitterness, or pain. I think God did not give it this priceless gift for the very reason that it would be a terrifying menace. This group of nature's children go through many pains like being trampled on viciously by peculiarly large feet or munched on by some lazy animal.

Within a month it has sprouted into a radiant outstanding flower. Its once undeveloped head is now majestic, overflowing with luscious colour. Its sturdy stem barely supports the enormous head and frequently bends gracefully over with fatigue.

A flower is such a beautiful thing. On bright sunny mornings one can see the crystal clear dew drops on its stately head, magnifying it and making it over-run with colour as a finely cut diamond does when placed on a soft piece of royal red silk. Truly, a flower plays an important part in Mother Nature's Wonderful World of colour.

BARBARA SKELTON, V A.

A HOME WELL EARNED

In the eighteenth century when only the pioneers and Indians were living in Canada, Jeffery Wilson and Margy Wilson had just moved to Quebec and were staying with another family until they could build a home of their own. They had been granted some land on which to build a house. The house had been started, but most of the walls still had to be put up. Eric Manster and his wife, Jane Manster, were helping the Wilsons build their house and make quilts, curtains, clothes and all the necessities for a new home. A lot of the town's people were helping too. One warm and sunny morning in late June, Eric and Jeff started down to the new home to work on it by themselves. Jeff and Eric were struggling to get one of the big logs onto the logs that were already up. All of a sudden the log slipped out of Jeff's hand and landed on his foot, but it only caused an abrasion. Eric helped Jeff back to the house, where Jane, who knew a bit about first-aid, put a bandage on it. Then Jeff hobbled over to the bench to rest a while. Margy came over and sat down beside him to comfort him. About a week

later Jeff could walk quite well with the help of a cane. One day when he was going down to the river to get some water he thought he heard the war drums of some Iroquois Indians being beaten. He climbed to the top of a big rock and from there he could see a small group of Iroquois Indians. He tried to run back to the house to tell the others to be ready to defend themselves, but it was very hard to run because his foot had not yet regained its strength. He fell once or twice, but got up again and kept running. At last he got to the house. He told the others what he had heard and seen. Eric said that they might attack the main town, but Jeff said that there were not enough of them to take the town by themselves and there were not any other houses for miles around. So everyone was given a gun. As Jeff had said, the Indians did attack the house. There were not many of them and after a long, hard struggle the town's people killed most of the Indians. The ones who were not killed were wounded and when they went back to their own village they were laughed at and scorned for being beaten by so few white men.

A few months later the house was built and furnished and there the Wilsons lived happily and their crops provided enough food to eat and make money to buy whatever they needed.

CYNTHIA BUTTERWORTH, IV A.

YESTERDAY

Wasn't it yesterday you were a child,
Living each day so carefree and wild?
Barefoot summers, frogs and fishing,
Building sand castles, dreaming, wishing.
No cares or worries, always content,
Loving each day as it came and went;
Yet always wanting to be like your Dad —
Grown-up, free? Never getting mad?
Now don't you wish you were young again
To have time to do what you always could then?

Each day rushes by, and you wonder — why
Can't I have time to myself — (and sigh)—
To think and to plan — not shining your shoes,
Or going to school — you won't always lose!
Do you still like being "old and wise"?
Wouldn't you rather see things through a child's
eyes?

You can never have those days back again,
But you have the memories of the times, when
You cared about nothing, and life was—"you can"—
Yet you gave it all up to become . . . a man!

JANET CONN, VI A.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING

(Based on an article in
"Time Magazine" — April 12, 1968)

It seems difficult to believe that in such a civilized world as we are living in today, the word "assassinated" crops up so frequently in our newspapers and daily conversation.

April 4, 1968, will also be firmly embedded in history as the day that a white man's sniper bullet struck and killed the most ardent advocate of non-violent social reform in the history of the world.

Martin Luther King Jr., was born February 15, 1929, into the warm protective family life of a middle class Georgian family which had been active in the civil rights cause for two generations. The second child, and first son, he was named after his father, the pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, Georgia. As a young boy, he passed swiftly through primary and high school entering Atlanta's Morehouse College at the age of fifteen. Acquainting himself with Thoreau's essay "Civil Disobedience" King discovered his goal and picked the ministry at Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester Pa., where he was elected class president. An outstanding student, he discovered the works of Hegel and Karl Marx and was also exposed to the writings of Mohandas Gandhi who had a mystical faith in non-violence. Later, King moved to Boston University where he gained a doctorate and a wife, Coretta Scott, a graduate of Antioch College.

In 1954 he took his first pastorate in Montgomery, Alabama and it was here in 1955 that a seamstress' weary feet precipitated the first great civil rights test of power which launched his career. Mrs. Rosa Park was arrested for refusing to give her seat on a bus to a white man. King protested this arrest and won the case. His march to martyrdom had begun.

He formed the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and played an important part in the student non-violent Coordinating Committee. At the Lincoln Memorial during one of his many rallies, he cried out enthusiastically, "I have a dream," which seemed to become a reality when he received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964. He advocated "economic security, decent sanitary housing, and equality of education" not only for the coloured man in the American ghetto but for every man with a racial problem.

Yet, outside Ebenezer Baptist Church where he had served as co-pastor with his father for eight years, crowds mingled in saddened silence while

rioting and looting continued in sixty-two cities across the United States with a total of twenty deaths both coloured and white. Surely this was ironic, for Martin Luther King's aim was clearly for peace and justice not for cruelty and malice.

Not until his death could he obtain true peace. "Free At Last, Free At Last, thank God Almighty I'm Free At Last," — A fitting epitaph for a man so devoted to mankind.

PAMELA ROSENTHAL, Matric

A HAND

The hand that leads to happiness
Must part the drapes of fate
And hold each pleasant memory
While pushing off all hate.

The man who has a gentle hand
Must also know a strength
That reaches out to help a friend
Unstopped by any length.

A speedy hand could save a life
If danger came to call,
But even momentarily
It's haste that conquers all.

The hand of a child, alert but soft,
By God alone was made
To hold another's lovingly
And grope on unafraid.

BRENDA L. SINCLAIR, VI B.

AUGUST

August is the end of one beautiful season and the beginning of another. She ends the bright, warm summer and starts the colourful fall. Children still play hard but are now aware of the coming return to school work. People splash loudly in the clear lake water while the older folks discuss the hard winter coming.

Already above the happy heads a few leaves are turning into their autumn splendour. The grain in the fields is mellowing and the apples shine red waiting for the harvest. The gentle mooing of cows floats across the decaying railroad tracks.

Suddenly twilight is come. The crimson sun lowers and a Harvest moon rises. All is calm except for the gentle twittering of small birds and the soft noises that the crickets make. Some singing around the glowing campfire across the lake echoes in the dusky hills. Yes, August is a lovely dream to remember.

JANE OLIVIER, VI B.

NEBULOUS RELATIONSHIPS

Black and white

Swinging brown legs, wrapped around rungs
 of mahogany, majestic miracle
 Soft sighs, sleek fingers entrapped in fist
 unfurled notices of rest and giddiness,
 coffee-cups clatter with spoons delighting
 in conversation up-side down.
 World love nests shaping sharp questions
 never - finished laughter hides in curtains—
 sun dappled walls — have secret splendours
 beware of animal, beaten dog—
 man has shaken our peach-fuzzy world
 I look in wonder — come again—
 how should I know how you feel—
 how can I feel what you feel? What
 you know? You stare in blank noncommittal
 glares — You smile the icebound frozen sneer of
 the knowledgeable — the one who's sure he knows
 everything—
 I feel the silence echo — cracks against the
 stillness while others look up at you stalking
 in circles on your pedestal — weep in their
 dark encasement of born-sorrow
 aching

Aching, alone
 they can't win
 they are alone from their mother's womb
 to their wooden tomb.
 And there is no one to hear them as they cry
 except those who perhaps feel-God-you say—
 he died last week — and no one noticed
 How can you watch without seeing?
 How can you hear without heeding?
 How can you talk without speaking?
 you never cry,
 You are secure in your tiny, white little world,
 sinless perhaps — perhaps not — the colour of
 your skin.

No cascading splinters of white light—
 Ebony birds carved in platinum flight—
 Frost filigree in an ice-dawn-sharp cruelty,
 Maze of mirages, too fragile to hold
 of diamond, not pearl; of silver, not gold;
 Infinite crystal realms and a palace of prisms—
 but me — I'm living in a normal never land,
 Beset with seldom sometimes man,
 Waiting for the hardly ever hand,
 Peter Pan never had it so good — man.

My ego ax has hacked me in half—
 I'm split to my wheat and chaff.
 You sit and wait for me to laugh

My wheat blew away.
 But love — prick my balloon
 of beauty — a bested balloon
 Lies here, swollen from morn to noon,
 An only human purpose.
 But so soon is my song all sung,
 They stress the truth with ancient dung,
 Ancient as Cain, and just as young as I
 Am able, Abel.
 It's like flailing in my own pool
 of guilt, that dreadful drool
 of years from my mouth — familiar fool!
 You suck at Pride's own teat
 And now, I wait for the rejected rhyme
 of acceptance whose quiet chime
 Will drown my defensive pantomime
 Is it soon, the never norm?
 As when I say the black man approaches
 silently and stealthily — with each damn
 step he comes nearer and nearer to the truths.

“Hey man,” the world is round — you're square
 Christ knew that of the earth.
 I hide in the park — crunch, crunch, he
 crushes the dry leaves with his every tread,
 the tower of safety is visible,—
 telephone booths.
 “Operator, operator, may I hel . . . click
 the is square — where is Hebert Selby Jr. ?

He's been dead since birth.
 I picked up my broken, bent, celery limp body
 and wormed to the square-village
 complete drag to say hi to the pigeons—
 with a screwed up clout — can you
 help what you are?
 Now for a chorus — courtesy of Keruac—
 The black man approaches silently and stealthily,
 with each step he comes nearer to me — and
 possibly the once dead truth — people.
 In the jade green meadows of my mind
 when the sun had resigned from its game
 with mountain and sky
 I sat — the black man came — explaining his
 thoughts and my life in terms of his — he
 pressed — a gentle warmth — no fear was
 sticking — nor dislike — though my tears distorted
 my quasi-relaxed meadows and I shuddered
 to see tranquillity stifled by immaturity.
 As we were one, turning beautiful, soft
 delicate snow, into warm green grass
 and breathing a tender whisper,
 that becomes a longing for,
 of secret, deep happiness — so alive and keen

that it pierced — hearts — that overflow
 with smiling tear-drops of streams
 (of dreams more real than the neon world
 with all unidentifiable faces)
 and subtly secretly mysterious
 and unobtrusively wonderful
 (as opposed to autumns told disneyland)
 lifting hearts with her — happiness — smiles—
 at her wonders of love.
 In the steaming newness that was us
 I saw my heart:
 gentian fringed,
 tonic in its rigour yet mute.

We might have lied in the cadence of our love,
 but whisper blessed
 I saw your heart
 and prospering mine opened to your soul.
 With touch so delicate
 touch
 a tree:
 think:
 that is
 what they used, some tree
 some tree they used then
 you touch
 the tree's
 Love's
 burden
 And with love — a walk is more. . .
 a flying
 (with my friend)
 the ground is more
 a miracle
 Shimmering with diamonds and moonlight
 A dark maze
 Something we fly above

Buildings are more
 boxes
 (holding poems
 about people)
 From which laughter
 from the bongos and
 golden shadows
 Tumble
 To their freedom soft with glee.
 Statues are more. . .
 people
 (with my friend)
 Friends to climb on
 wonder at
 and hold

A walk is more. . .
 a flying
 (with my friend)
 and perhaps seeing silver streaks
 shooting in the sky
 pink mesh net
 drops of dancing gold

glittering light
 pale blue screen
 on red
 And a single flashing diamond
 robed in dark.

ROBIN KUNKLE, VI A.



A HURRICANE

One day at home I turned up the radio. I was surprised at the news; a hurricane was headed for Jamaica and we should stock up on food! So my Mother went to the store and bought a lot of food. Father put up steel shutters on the windows. Then the radio announcer said it was to hit in twenty-four hours and if you had a two-storey house you were to sleep downstairs. I went up to my friend's house to help her and her parents stock up on food. When my friend and I went into the drawing room we were talking about how nice it would be if I was caught up there at her house; then I would be allowed to stay there. I had to go home, though, because there were about five more hours of waiting.

We had a goat at home, so we put her in our dog's old doghouse because she liked it, and put her in the garage. My Mother and Father had things to do, so with my brother and my sister, I went to our tree house to make sure it would not fall down. Then we heard a great clap of thunder and saw a spark of light. We ran into the house, and it started to pour. We then heard a faint message coming over the radio saying "The hurricane has subsided and mostly rain will come."

"Thank goodness," said Mother. The rain had really started to pour down. It almost flooded the area, but we went out anyway in the car to pay a visit to someone who could get men to fix a trench. We just got there and back because the car engine was full of water.

With relief we started to take down the shutters. I would not really have liked the hurricane to come even if I had said "I wish it to come."

The hurricane's name was Flora.

KAREN SAUNDERS, V B.

I THOUGHT IT WAS SPRING

I regarded this warm sunny morning in the early days of March as a change of season. The sky was a clear azure and seemed to hold a bright promise of similar days ahead. Icicles disappeared from the roof and within an hour their steady disintegration had ceased, their only remains being silent little pools on the ground below. As I sauntered along the gently undulating country road near our cottage, sounds which had been absent throughout the winter (or had I simply not heard them?) caught my attention — birds sounded happier; their cheerful song filled the chilly spring air; the little stream beside the road made playful gurgling noises, as if it were just learning how to talk for the first time; the shuffling of my boots made a new sound, in contrast to the old "crunch, crunch" I had heard (and felt) during my walks through the snow all winter. This time, I heard "splash, splash," and smiled at the old familiar sound.

I looked around and smiled again. To me, life had been a dream during the winter months — a dream of the warmth, colour, and sunshine of summer. But spring is a season set apart from the other three; it is life itself — new life — and I appreciated it more each year. How I loved the spring! To me, spring was a renaissance of life, both plant and animal, and it created a sense of well-being throughout the world. Already, I could picture the crocuses poking their tiny laughing heads out of the fresh earth, and I could hear a cricket chirping in the distance.

I continued my journey down the road, passing isolated cottages and smelling the old familiar smells of a kitchen at eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning; I could almost taste the savoury bacon and eggs that would be on every kitchen table in the area at that moment. I did not feel hungry, however; instead, I was thirsty. I wanted to "drink in" the sunshine and beauty around me; I wanted to shout, for it was spring — my season. I wondered if anyone could ever have known the feeling of exhilaration which shivered through my body at that moment. I took a deep breath, let it fill my lungs, and slowly exhaled. I thought at that moment of those unfortunate people who had never seen, heard, or felt spring, and wished that I could trade places with them for just a few moments, yet selfishly knowing that I would never be able to do such a thing.

A few hundred yards ahead I saw the lake — silent, still frozen, contradicting the liveliness of

the world around it. I lay down on a large rock, warm with the sunshine, turned my face up to the sun, and closed my eyes. In my mind's eye I saw the lake again, only this time it was unfrozen and warm, in the summertime. Motor boats whirled busily through the water, and I heard the laughter and splashing of children swimming off a dock on the other side. I could almost feel the lazy rocking motion when I lie under the sun in a boat at high noon — sunburning my nose, and bringing out the rich golden brown pigments which had been hidden in my skin throughout the year. . .

I awoke from a deep sleep about three hours later and slowly opened my eyes — not to be greeted by the friendly warmth of the sun, but by a grey mass of overhanging and foreboding clouds, and by fluffy cold white flakes falling on my face. I sat up and looked around in disbelief. Gone was the bright young spring day I had seen a few hours earlier; in its place was an all-too-familiar one. As I ran home, suddenly hungry for some bacon and hot coffee, I looked forward to the day when spring would really come for good — this morning had just been another typical day in fickle March!

JANE AYLWARD, Matric.

TABERINA

She came from somewhere far away,
By one was she loved; that's what they say.
She lived with her son in a small shabby shack,
She'd work in the fields with him strapped to her
back;
She made enough money just to survive,
She tried to keep her wee baby alive.

Every morning at dawn she'd wake up to the cold;
She'd rush to the crib, the wee babe would she hold,
And tell him she loved him and Daddy did too,
But Daddy had died and what good would that do?
A tear would trickle down her brown shiny cheek;
The babe understood not — so humble and meek.

Of strain, heat and fever she finally died,
And was found some weeks later — the babe by her
side;
He was skinny and weak so he soon died too;
They were buried together in that small far-off
place;
Undernourished, neglected, with no peaceful place.
All this because of the shade of her face.

CYNDY GILBRIDE, VI A.

COMMUNICATIONS

I try to say all that I feel;
It comes out merely words,
All of the print, not any heart or smell;
Type, blinding, hiding myself from me;
The lure of print.
But that is all it is; nothing real, no emotion.
Stammering syllables on a page.

Cry, cry for my muteness—
A key hammerer, a dumb creature,
In love with the world, but unable to tell,
And no proof that I have trod the earth.

FRANCINE SAWDON, Matric.

THE INCIDENT

Only a few cars were out as it was a rainy evening and the streets were exceedingly slippery. Johnny, a little boy of eight, was being brought home from the movies by his chauffeur. The chauffeur was carefully keeping an eye on the road when suddenly, from nowhere, an old man stepped in front of the car. The chauffeur turned the wheel quickly but not quickly enough, and — hit the man.

Up to this point Johnny had not been paying much attention to the driving as he had been thinking. He was a lonely little boy. His parents were very rich and therefore, because of being very high in the social world, they did not have time to pay much attention to little Johnny. Since his mother despised animals, there was nothing for him to do all day. Therefore, Johnny did not know what love was or what love meant, as he had never experienced it. The jolt of the car brought him back to his senses and he realized what had happened. Seeing the old man lying on the road, Johnny thought the driver had killed him, but the man arose looking stunned but physically all right. The driver started on again. This surprised Johnny, that his chauffeur would leave the man without seeing if he needed help. A wave of anger swept over him, so he ordered the chauffeur to back up to see if the man had recovered. The driver obeyed, and went back to the place of the accident. The old man was limping down the road, looking like a forlorn old dog, all battered and aging. Without thinking about the rain, Johnny scrambled out the door and urged the old man to come to his house and rest a while. Finally, after about three minutes of arguing, the old man clambered into the car where he fainted from exhaustion.

When they arrived at the house, Johnny and the butler aided the man to the guest room on the second floor. Johnny went to get something hot for the old man, and asked the butler to dress the man in some warm night clothes and put him to bed. Johnny returned with the hot beverage to find that the man was resting peacefully. He put the cup on the bedside table and started to leave, but he heard the man call him. He turned to see the old man looking wonderingly at him, holding a small black case in his hand. Johnny quietly pulled a chair beside the bed and asked the man what he wanted.

"This is for you," he said feebly, "but don't open it." Johnny agreed and quickly put the case in his pocket. "My wife is dying and I must go to see her before she passes away; she still believes that I tortured my daughter but I didn't," he said frantically. In a calm way he explained, "You see, my son, one day while I was away hunting, my little girl went out to play. At dinner time she was missing so my wife called the police. Two days later she was found bruised and cut. She was found in the same area where I was hunting and by a dreadful mistake, I was convicted of doing this horrible action. I was sent to prison for forty-five years. I have heard that my wife is dying and I must tell her this before she dies."

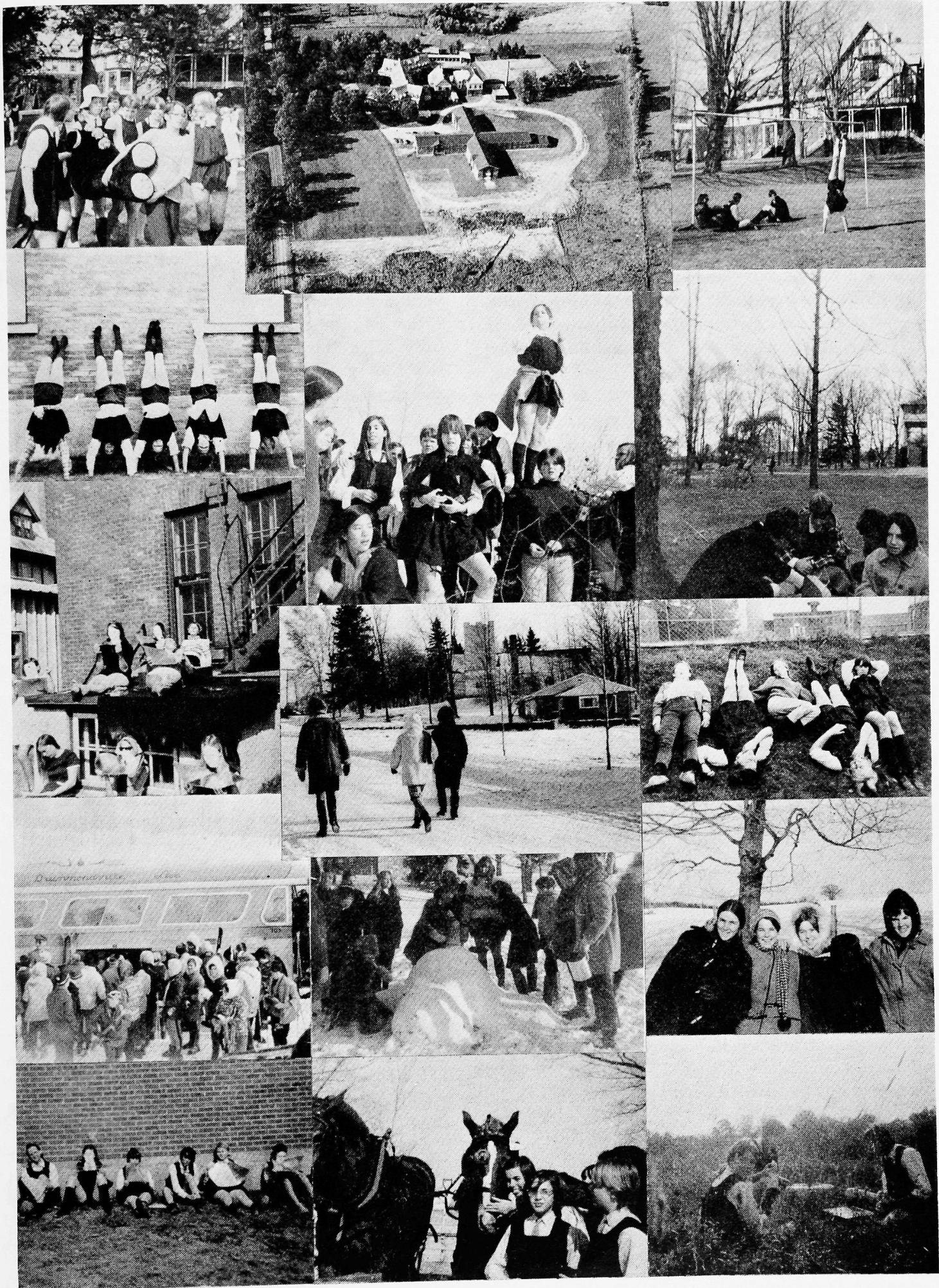
He was becoming tired by this time, so Johnny quietly pulled up the covers and slipped out of the room.

When Johnny returned a while later, he found that the old man had slipped away quietly. He remembered the little black case and silently took it out and opened it. He found a picture of the man's family. They were all smiling joyously, as if to say how happy they all were. Johnny could feel hot tears running down his cheek, but he was not ashamed of them because he had found out what love meant.

WENDY HUGHSON, VI A.

OUTDOORS

1. "Phew, this one has to go on a diet".... M. JERVIS-READ
2. "King's Hall from the air"..... STANSTEAD
3. "Chest out, hands down, feet up — hup - hup" A. AGUAYO
4. "Yes, Compton girls really wear bloomers". B. SINCLAIR
5. "A social gathering"..... C. TABACINIC
6. "Just one of those days".....
7. "Ahh, that sun!"..... R. SHALOM
8. "Homeward Bound"..... MISS WHIGHT
9. "Nothing like a little rest"..... B. SINCLAIR
10. "Batany — here we come!"..... R. SHALOM
11. "Does he look like snoopy?"..... K. OUGHTRED
12. "Ah — ain't love grand!"..... R. SHALOM
13. "Sun worshippers"..... R. SHALOM
14. "Does he bite?"..... C. TABACINIC
15. "Babes in the woods"..... R. SHALOM



PEACE

Eagle's Rock is the most peaceful place I know. I go there often just to sit and think things over. As I look over the water, a feeling of majesty sweeps over me and I feel as if the whole world were at my feet. All is quiet but for the faint crash of waves breaking far below and the occasional song of a passing wood thrush or noisy crow. The water below glistens like diamonds on blue velvet. Then the calm water is broken by a gracefully gliding yacht skimming the surface, its proud spinnaker jutting out like a plume, sending a coil of ripples which eventually fade into the blue. When the sun begins to drop from the sky into the endless velvet carpet, the sky melts to a lush orange. After gazing spellbound for a moment, I begin my long trudge homeward, leaving the beauty to be seen only by the silent wood creatures.

ANNE MACCULLOCH, V A.

NATURE, LIFE AND DEATH

Manna walked along the seemingly endless path which twisted its narrow way through the woods. A burst of light fell through the trees and onto the path before her. Shiny green leaves glistened with sun and shone like ice. She continued walking slowly upwards until she came to the reservoir; here she sat and thought. Looking down from here through the woods and trails, she could get a good view of the property. It was a five minute walk to the lake — down the path she had just walked, across a narrow dirt road, through another wood on a steep hill, and to the lake. This was small but beautiful; it was peaceful, surrounded on all sides by hills, the kind found only in this Quebec region, forested, always green, beautiful to see. This is Lac Mondor. It was Manna's grandfather's property and consisted of one-quarter of the lake and acres of the surrounding land, fields and forests, hills and brooks. It is a heaven of a place. There are no ripples on the lake, no phones in the house, no motor boats to tear the blanket of quiet, just canoes and row boats gliding across the blue glass surface of the water. Her grandfather's house is big and homey with a field behind it full of hollows and berries and a dried-up well. There is an old wharf on the lake with an even older row boat tied to its post. The boat has been there for twenty-five years. It was the first boat Manna was ever in. She was eight weeks old then. She had learned to handle it when she was five.

Here by the reservoir thinking of the beautiful land, vast and living, and the picture-book, calm blue-green lake with the perch and bass and clams

waiting to be caught, and the mink ready to catch them, she was content. Life was wonderful and rich and giving. This day, like most, was perfect and her surroundings made her heart thrill at being alive. Some day this land would all be hers. Some day life would be at its peak.

She sighed, a deep glorifying, joyful sigh that seemed to be heard, echoed, and repeated by the trees and the glassy lake, her grandfather's lake. The sleeping hills harkened and they resounded with it. They too seemed to feel her joy — her love. They seemed to be glad that someday they would be under her hand.

She left the reservoir and walked slowly, peacefully down the path. She grinned at the blast of sun that greeted her as she reached and crossed the road. She entered the next wood and revelled in its coolness. There was no path here, just lazy wilderness. Then she walked to the lake along the path. She loved this land, and the man who owned it. He knew how she felt; he too loved Lac Mondor. She climbed the steps to the house. She walked in and slammed the door.

As Manna entered the main room, the family room, her father came to her with a saddened face and bitter news. Her grandfather had just had a heart attack. He was dead and she was the mistress of Lac Mondor.

MARNIE ELLIS, VI A.

WHAT NEXT?

As the years are doing the only thing they can do, which is passing, parents' little darlings are becoming more and more lazy, less and less obedient. Mother no longer gives her seventeen-year old darling son a curfew, but asks sweetly what time he will be home, adding that she hopes he will be early, knowing that he won't be in the house before at least three, (if he comes home at all) and that when he does arrive he will have so many excuses for being late that she will simply give him a tired smile, say "good-night" and go to bed.

Father's orders seem to be quite well obeyed too these days. Dad asks Jim to cut the lawn, but Jim has other plans — sorry! Guess Dad will have to do it himself. Of course, Dad knew all along that he would end up doing the job — must be getting absent-minded in his old age.

Soon it will be the children who tuck their parents into bed, not necessarily neatly, and will say in their childish voices, "Goodnight, Mommy and Daddy, sleep tight. I won't be late. If you need anything the baby-sitter is downstairs."

CECILY PORTER, Matric.

APRIL

Is that a bud about to bloom
 Upon that apple tree?
 I see it is.
 And over there is that a nest
 With wren and babies three?
 Again, I think I'm right;
 And do I also see a brook
 The water now so free?
 Of course it's all so clear
 That all so soon twelve months have passed
 And once more April's here.

This month has wet and soggy soils;
 It must, for plants to grow.
 They grow so well,
 And when you wake, the morning dew
 It covers all the ground,
 So fresh and good the smell.
 And how the little bird he sings
 His song so shrill, but sweet;
 So easily one can see
 That best of all four months of spring
 Is April certainly.

HILLARY STEAD, VI B.

A VICTORY FOR
BLACK JET AND TIM

Shivers ran through Tim's body, tenseness gripped him. This was it! The long-awaited day had come; he had to win the steeple chase. He just had to get the one thousand dollars which would pay for his college entrance fee as all his life he had wanted to be a vet. Only one thing had stopped him — money.

He quickly got dressed and headed over to the stable. The van for "Black Jet" would arrive at ten o'clock. Tim had worked very hard with him, beginning from a log to the large, complicated jumps and now he thought that Jet was ready.

By the time he had finished grooming Jet, a sudden proudness came over him. He realized he had a masterpiece of a horse. Jet's coat gleamed as he stood there with every muscle tightened and full of eagerness. With his head arched and ears forward, he looked like a true champion.

The raceway was crowded with people and horses. Every jockey, like Tim, had a tense look, each hoping for one thing — victory!

Promptly at eleven o'clock the trumpet blew. There were ten horses participating in the race. Bang! The horses lunged forward, each displaying its own stamina.

The jumps on the whole were easy. Tim knew Jet could do these, but one jump worried him —

the water jump, which was feared by all jockeys and horses. Jet was now in second place.

There was one more bend to go and coming around it, Tim saw the giant water jump looming up ahead. All the horses were panting and were encircled in dust now. Tim could sense the tenseness about him.

The first horse sprang too soon and he crashed into the fence. Guiding Jet with all the power Tim had, he sprang at the right moment and cleared it cleanly. Jet sensing the race was nearly over and that they were winning, gathered up all the stamina of his robust body and with a burst of speed crossed the finish line!

Cheers echoed through the stadium while Jet and Tim were taken to the winning circle. A ring of roses was thrown over Jet. Though he did not look like a champ through his coat of mud and sweat that didn't bother Tim. Only two words rang in his ears — victory and college!

DEBBIE MASSIE, V A.

LINES ON LIFE

As I lie in darkness,
 Staring into the night,
 Life is like the moon
 Shining through Eternity.

As night falls — we are born.
 As the light fades, we begin;
 And as the first star timidly shines,
 So we warily take up our course
 Crawling, then walking, now running
 . . . into the Darkness.

We grope, searchingly at first,
 But as the sky becomes illuminated,
 So we bravely find our path,
 And our existence assumes meaning.

When does a star shine brightest?
 When have we fulfilled our purpose?
 When does the dawn fade and light appear?
 What is the first phase of the eclipse?
 When, unnoticed, does life, like the moon,
 . . . begin to wane?

The shadow covers the moon—
 The light is extinguished.
 Though the Obstructor is the Light of the world
 It brings blackness and emptiness.
 Then for us darkness, not light, comes.
 As the moon disappears from our sight
 Do we cease to exist—
 Only to shine again
 In a sky, In a life
 . . . in aeternitate.

NORAH CARTER, Matric.

THE BREAK-UP

It was a hot summer morning in mid-July. "Too hot for comfort," Penny thought. It was only nine o'clock and already the dew had been absorbed by the early morning sun which was filtering through the thick green foliage overhead. Penny looked around her as she stepped from within the rustic log chalet. She felt uneasy this morning. She and Bill had argued the night before, but certainly things were all right now. She had slept off her anger, forgetting the words he had used to hurt her and not remembering those which she herself had spoken against Bill.

"It's a new day and he'll be waiting for me by the dock — I know he will," she said quietly to herself wishing hopefully that this was true.

She kicked a little pebble to the side of the path and sauntered briskly towards the lodge.

Penny had met Bill when she first came to work at her uncle's summer resort. She had needed some extra money and decided to work as a waitress for the summer here at Lake Solitaire Inn. She would meet people, make money, keep busy and have fun all at the same time. It was ideal! She was glad she was here.

Bill, on the other hand, was in no need of money. His parents were extremely wealthy and they spoiled him beyond words — and everybody knew it as well! Bill was working because he needed to keep busy, and because, like Penny, he enjoyed meeting people and having a good time. Penny thought about this as she walked up the stone steps leading to the inn's large screened veranda. She heard the screen door slam as one of the youngest guests came through carrying an ice cream cone and a bottle of pop.

"Are you eating that at this hour of the morning?" she said laughingly and with affection in her voice?

"Yup!" said the little brown-eyed boy. "I don't like eggs 'n' that other junk." He turned on his heel and ran to a group of children playing near the beach.

"It's summer!" she thought to herself. "Even children need a break from routine once in awhile." She smiled contentedly and continued toward the dock. She had completely forgotten about Bill and the argument until she reached the beach.

The lake was still calm, like glass, and one of the inn's early risers was already canoeing lazily towards the opposite shore which had not yet received the sun's rays. Penny's eyes followed the shoreline with its tall stands of pine and birch reflected in the glassy water. A fish jumped in the

distance and the reflections began to ripple with the movement of the water . . . like a mirage, it swayed. She looked up instantly!

"Bill isn't here yet," she thought, putting aside the fear that perhaps he was still angry and wasn't going to forgive her after all. Then she saw him loping along the beach beside her uncle's big labrador. He put his hand out to tease the dog and noticed her standing alone by the dock. He stopped, threw a stick to distract the pup and began to walk slowly to where Penny was standing. His eyes were on the ground and he fumbled with a twig which he had been carrying.

"Good morning, Billie," she called to him as he approached. "You look a mess — whatcha' been doing?"

Bill did look a bit dishevelled. His brown-blond hair was tousled; his shirt, which hung loose, was smuged as were his cut-off jeans, and his sneakers were covered with a reddish brown clay.

"You've been working already?" she said.

"Yeah! I started digging a ditch this morning for the water line to the new guest cabin. It's pretty mucky . . . and . . . well, I have to get back to it soon." His voice faltered.

"Bill," said Penny, "perhaps I ought . . . I mean . . . can I say anything to apologize for last night? I realize how wrong I was and I'd like to - - -"

"Don't Pen!" said Bill. "Just forget it, will you? There's nothing to say now — as . . . as far as I'm concerned, anyway. I've got to get back to the digging . . . I'm being paid by the hour and —"

"And since when is it that you would lift a finger to earn a dime? You — you who need only write to 'Daddy' and have the world at your feet!"

She should not have said that, but she realized it too late. Bill's vulnerable spot was his hatred of those who considered him a lazy, good-for-nothing millionaire.

"You're too rich, too high-up for the rest of us and you know it, fellow. Why don't you come down to our level — my level?" She stopped.

The pained expression on Bill's face tore Penny's heart.

"Oh Bill . . . I'm so sorry . . . I . . . didn't mean that, Bill — honest!" She took his hands and looked at his lowered head. He raised his eyes. They were clear and blue, yet not as soft as they usually were. He stared at her, seemingly through her, and she felt a lump begin to form in her throat.

"Pen . . . I'm sorry, too. I — I have work to do now — I'm sure you have too, eh?"

He withdrew his hands and turned from her and began to walk away.

Penny looked after him and questioningly called, "That's — that's all, is it Bill?"

"That's all, Penny!", he said, and he shuffled through the leaves and into the shade.

Penny felt her eyes stinging, and the lump in her throat. She did not want to cry, but she knew she would. There was a slight breeze now that rustled the leaves above her head and her long brown hair fluttered in tiny wisps that tickled her nose. The first tear fell! She turned and began to walk into the sunlight that was beating down and dried the tears as they ran down her ruddy cheeks. She stood for a moment without thought and without feeling, not quite understanding why.

She started walking towards the lodge, the sun still shining brightly, casting a shadow — her shadow — yards behind her.

"I have a broken heart," she thought, but her tears were almost dry now thanks to the sun. She managed to force a laugh and then a smile. "Yes, thank God for the sun," she said. Except for the streaks under her eyes, no one would ever know.

ANNE PINCKARD, Matric.

ESCAPE

The dawn broke out full in its glory. It was a radiant morning, but something even more beautiful was brought to the earth and on the grass that was wet with dew. It was a beautiful little soft-eyed colt. The mother began to lick off the silken bag that was formed around it. The little thing struggled to get up, but no, not quite! Maybe this time. Yes, he's up! Good for him! Later on he will become known as one of the fastest little blond foals that ever ran on the sand dunes. His name is Creamy.

One day after he had grown up to the age of three, he and his mother decided to go to the babbling stream to get a drink. Upon getting there, he suddenly became alert! What was that? It was a thing with only two arms sitting on one of his own kind. What was he doing? He was starting to come after the little colt and his mother. The colt warned her. They sped off, but the thing was still chasing. It did not matter though, because these horses were strong. They could outrun any ranch horse. But what was this? Creamy's mother was stumbling. The terrible thing had caught up with her. The little colt stopped, but his instinct told him not to. He started to run again. Instinct also told him he would have to fend for himself from that time on.

MYRA SEVEIGNY, V B.

THE RUNAWAY HORSE

"Mandy! Mandy!"

I was feeling very lazy and depressed that afternoon as I strolled down the street. Hearing a loud shout nearby I casually turned my head, only to see a mad horse running for his life and charging straight for me. His tail was flaring behind him and his eyes were of fire. It was all I could do to get out of the way before the snorting horse charged, and missed me by about an inch. Enormous clouds of dust flew in all directions as the horse madly galloped onward, knocking over fruit stalls, and sending oranges and apples rolling into the street. He soon disappeared around the corner with a large band of followers chasing behind. I slowly regained my walking pace once more and was quite annoyed that my supposedly quiet walk had been so rudely disturbed.

BRENDA LLOYD, VI B.

THE SEA'S GIFTS

Across the seas in far away lands
Lay the golden gifts of the magical sands.
The sea and its roaring, thundering plea,
Brings rare gifts of treasures for you and for me.

We found amid the treasure chest
Sparkling jewels (the ones we liked best)
Shining in the restful water, they lie.
Like stars in the brilliant, gleaming sky.

AGNES BEANE, IV A.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

As I walk along I observe many ordinary things which make the country magnificent. I am alone. It is quiet. Only the rustle of the wind in the trees can be heard. I look up at this great plant, the tree. My eyes follow its trunk up, up, up. Its branches towering above me seem as if they are looking down and seeing me, the little dwarf below them. One tree stands solitary on the plain. Its bare branches look like the hands of a very thin old man. They shake frailly. I walk on along the never-ending road that meets the horizon — up a stony hill. I have reached a point where I feel as if I am "on top of the world." I look up at the great expanse of blue sky. It covers everything. To the left are rolling hills going on for miles. A little farmhouse is visible in the distant valley. Tiny specks of cows are grazing near it. I feel sad to have to leave these sights and go back to the city.

MARTHA CRESSY, VI A.

SUNSET

The sun was setting in the western sky as pinks, oranges and mauves folded together into streams of color reflected on the faded blue sea. The waves gently rocked against the shore in harmony with the salty and cool breezes. This world was silent except for the gentle calls of seagulls as they flocked to feast on a school of wandering fish, or the mellow sound of a distant horn on a delayed lobster boat coming through the fog. Brown seaweed cast on jagged rocks had dried under the noonday sun. Now, as the damp evening mists softened the wood, a subtly salty odour filled the air. All sorts, shapes and sizes of driftwood lay temporarily on the sand, beaten smooth by the sea.

Gradually the lights of the sky became less vivid as a full white moon rose prominently into the flushed sky. In the distance, gray light formed a faint silhouette against the surrounding darkness while the fog rolled in nearer and nearer to the shore. A wind began to blow back the leaves, and the verdure of nature turned to night. The sunset had ended. Such beauty lasts only a short time — only the appreciation can last forever.

VICTORIA OSCARSSON, Matric.

REPORT ON THE ART 1967 - 68

This year the art room has been able to expand along the length of the top corridor of the main building. With this extra space for working it has been possible to study a wider variety of art and craft.

The first half of the year was spent in experiments with texture drawing, paint, and two-dimensional pattern. This led to some three-dimensional work in the form of mobiles and free standing paper constructions. The girls working on the McGill matriculation syllabus practised the more conventional aspects of figure drawing and composition painting.

The past term has been spent on rug-making, weaving and silk-screen painting in both the junior and senior school. The growth of design, craft and painting has been studied in two art courses: ancient through the renaissance up till the seventeenth century, and modern art-impressionism to the present day.

The good standard of work produced by the girls this past year has showed that most of them realize that the freedom in the art room requires a greater self-discipline than is perhaps needed in the classroom.

(Miss) E. MORTON



ART, AS SEEN BY THE STUDENTS

Our Creative Compton Connoisseurs of art have been as busy as ever this year, putting their talents to good use in various and interesting ways. It seems as though Miss Morton never fails to suggest an exciting new idea which takes little time to catch on in the drawing circles at K.H.C. Many of you will remember our "Papier Machée" jewelry spree of last year, which took the school by storm. Both "mod" and utterly "mad" jewelry of papier machée were to be seen on even the very youngest members of the jet set of K.H.C. This year work in the art room has resulted in masterpieces which are a little more subtle in appearance, but just as creative.

Miss Morton left us with paint brush in hand and imagination in our hearts, after saying, "Look at that tree — don't draw what you see, but draw what you feel!" We did just that, and nine times out of ten produced creations which resembled anything but a tree! The materials which we worked with were not limited in any way — we used everything from scraps of material to tooth-picks, to create whatever we saw in our mind's eye.

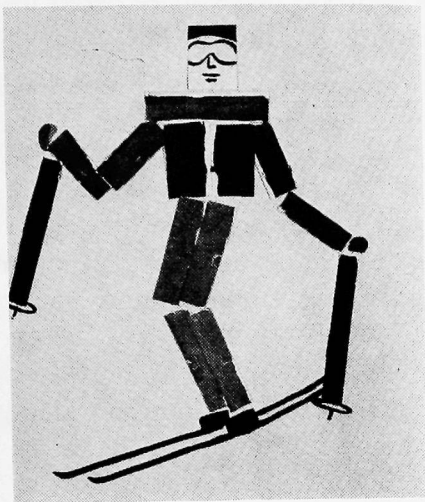
On a more practical level, we studied from an artistic point of view the human body, and how it moves. We also singled out such parts as the hand and head for detailed study, with some very interesting results!

As usual girls were busily working on designs for the McGill Matriculation Art course, and between posters advertising food, and oil paintings, they all appear to have a good chance of achieving passing marks.

This has been a very creative year, and let us hope that next year will match it in originality in the art circles of K.H.C.!

JANE AYLWARD, Matric.

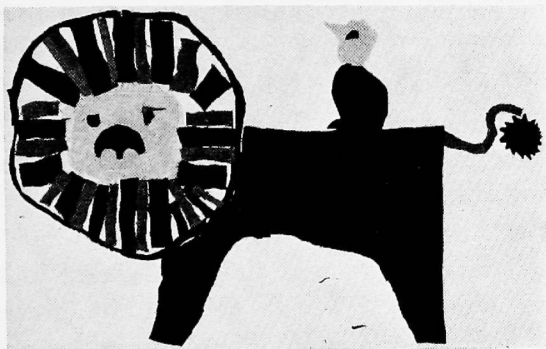




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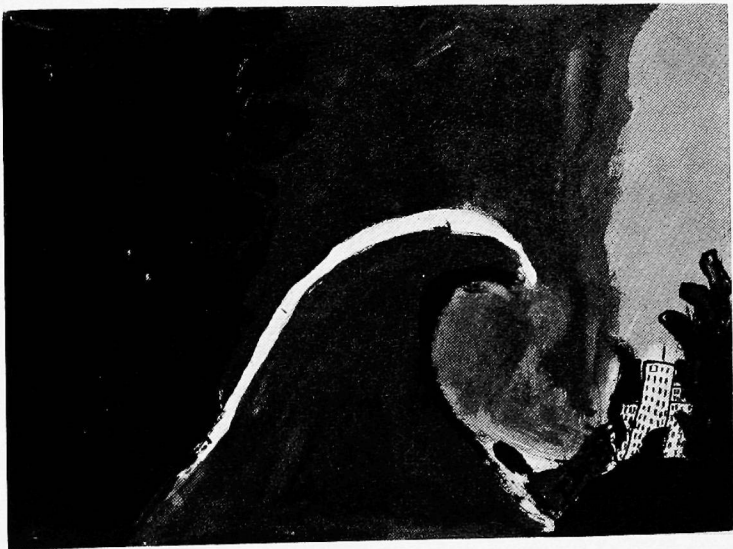
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CAPTIONS FOR ART PICTURES

1. "Skier" 2 dimensional Design
DEBORAH MATHESONVI A

2. "Lion" Material Collage
BRENDA SINCLAIRVI B

3. Pen and Wash Figure Drawing
ELIZABETH STEADMATIC
4. "Imaginary Creature" 2 dimensional experiment in texture
AGNES BEANEIV A

5. Still Life in Pen and Wash
MARGOT GRAHAMVI A

6. "Disaster; Earthquake, Fire and Tidalwave"
Imaginative Composition
ANN SINCLAIRV A

TO THE LAND OF NO RETURN

It was very cold that day, the coldest, in fact, since the blizzard in 1850, twenty-six years ago. Miranda Keller gathered her skirts and ran into the waiting coach.

"No more of this place for me," she told herself fiercely. "I'm leaving here for good."

The driver cracked his whip and the carriage jerked to a start. Miranda looked out the tiny window beside her; she could barely see through the waves of snow, or through the frost-crusted pane, but squinting she could make out the old wooden frame of the farm house she had once loved so dearly. Yes, home and its memories! She could remember the crackling fire that never quite succeeded in warming the far corners of the room. How annoying it had seemed then! She remembered the smiling, yet sorrow-streaked faces of the neighbours, always willing to help, but staunchly refusing anyone's charity.

She smiled to herself. Yes, those were good days, but they were over now.

And the coach rattled on. . .

JANET AIRD, VI B.

DUYEN NG FESTIVAL (5th of May in Chinese Calendar)

If anybody has ever read any Chinese history, he will sooner or later find out that most of the Chinese Traditional Festivals are in honour of great ancient patriotic poets, generals and rulers. The festivals are in memory of their great work, their loyalty and their great spirit in sacrificing themselves to save their country from being subdued. These stories are often filled with blood and tears, hate and love.

Duyen Ng Festival is one of the examples I want to tell you about. It has been popular for about a thousand years and is still enjoyed today. The Festival deals with a very famous Chinese poet who was also an adviser to the King. His name was Wet Yuen. During that period, China was divided into several kingdoms: The Chice, the Choil, Chink, Leung, Chuyen, Ser, and Chow. History named them the "Six Kingdoms," and they were fighting against one another. This was known as "the period of wars." At that time the life of the people was miserable. Wet Yuen could see this was the disaster which wars brought, so he wrote to the King and asked him to stop the fighting, but he failed since the King was the one who started the whole war; the King even dismissed him. Wet Yuen was so disappointed that he went to a wood and lived in solitude, where he wrote hundreds of

great and enthusiastic poems which stirred up the people's strong desire for peace. His poems soon came to the King's notice. The King was so angry that he sent his men to seize Wet Yuen. When the news reached Wet Yuen that he was going to be captured, he knew that he could no longer survive under the evil hand of the King, so he decided to commit suicide instead of surrendering. He went to the river and tied a big stone around his waist before he jumped into the river. It was the end of the life of the great poet of the Chinese people. The date was the fifth of May (Chinese Calendar). He was loved by his people so much that they did not want his holy body to be torn by the fish; so they made a special food which was covered with leaves, and shaped like a pyramid, which they called "Chung." They threw this food into the river, so that the fish would eat the food instead of Wet Yuen's body. They thought of a very fantastic game, that is Dragon Boat racing. They said this could frighten the fish so they would not go near Wet Yuen's body. This is the real meaning of the food and the boat racing match — to remember our beloved poet Wet Yuen. The race was repeated year after year at the same date. So later it became a Festival when every family prepared delicious food to celebrate. The children crowd by the river to watch the "Dragon Boat Racing Match," but little by little people came to neglect the real purpose of the food and match. One thing they can never forget is the great spirit of Wet Yuen — the everlasting Character in Chinese History.

ALICE CHAN, VI A.

SUNSHINE

Sunshine is to me very bright and cheery. It reminds me of a little girl about four years old with long, curly, very light-blonde hair. This little girl is always happy, gay. Her eyes glisten with sunshine and her face is very radiant.

Sometimes sunshine reminds me of a day at the beach when everyone is swimming or getting a tan or burn. Sometimes when I'm at the beach, I don't like the sun because it gives me a bad burn, but in the winter when I go skiing it keeps me warm and gives me a tan and a lot of freckles all over my face.

Sunshine sometimes reminds me of a big, green pasture with a nice gleaming stallion in it, who is all shiny because the sun's rays fall on his sleek back.

The sun is very useful!

BARBARA BISHOP, V B.

TIDAL WAVE

It was a bright sunny day when Eugene climbed into the small sailing boat and cast off from the old dock. The sea was calm and shimmering as if made of tiny crystals, and a light wind blew just hard enough to fill the sails of the "Porpoise." Gulls wheeled above him, now and then dipping to the sea to catch a small fish, and then flying off to eat it.

It was such a perfect day! It would take only an hour's easy sailing to get to Little Barrier Island, a few miles off the coast of Florida. Once Eugene had arrived, he had only to climb up a stony path to the small cottage a few hundred yards from the sandy shore.

As the bow of the "Porpoise" cut into the water, Eugene watched the tiny figures on the shore grow smaller, and the wisps of smoke from camp fires disappear as he drew farther away from shore. The island on the horizon became clearer, and began vaguely to take shape. To Eugene, it seemed as if the whole world had stopped and was held spell-bound in a timeless expanse of sun and sea. For a moment the breeze died down, as if Nature were holding her breath in awe. The boat glided on, the breeze blew once more, and soon Eugene was entering the familiar cove. He slid the rudder out, placing it in the bottom of the boat, and then jumped out into knee-high water. The "Porpoise" grounded softly on the sandy bottom, but before it had a chance to stick in the sand, Eugene dragged it up the beach and tied it to an old log. He flopped down on the hot sand and lay there, soaking up the morning sun. His eyes grew heavy; he soon drifted off to sleep.

The sun was high in the sky when he awoke and rubbed his sleepy eyes. He turned over to look out to sea. A light breeze rippled the surface of the sea. He saw an endless expanse of water, deep blue and glittering. He thought it strange that no gulls were flying and that everything was quiet, as if the whole world were hushed, waiting for something to happen, but he gave it no second thought. Just as he was turning his head away, he noticed something quite unusual. When the last wave had beaten its frothy head upon the shore, and then drawn back, it had not stopped. Silently, the water was creeping away, leaving the ocean bottom bare. Eugene rubbed his eyes. Was this a dream? Was he still asleep? He looked at the horizon. It seemed the same. But . . . Yes! he had not remembered seeing any land when he had looked before. Now it appeared, an endless dark wall — of water!

As the truth struck him, Eugene felt a sharp stab at the bottom of his stomach. He got up and started to run up the path to the cottage. Even as he ran he could hear a distant roar, which was becoming louder every second. When he reached the cottage and turned round, he could not believe his eyes. A huge green wall of water growing larger and more ominous every moment was descending upon the cove below him. A feeling of unavoidable doom spread over him. He stood rooted to the earth for a moment; then he ran — ran faster than he had ever run before. The one thought in his mind was to reach the top of the hill nearby, the highest point of land on the island. Now the roar was deafening. It pounded in his ears, filled his brain, completely took control of him. Still he stumbled wildly on. He heard a rushing sound behind him, and was suddenly engulfed in a whirling, tumbling mass of water. He struggled to find the surface, but he felt himself being pulled down. He struck against something, but was carried on by the relentless grip of the sea. His lungs were bursting, his limbs aching. Again he hit something, and suddenly he drifted into a state of blissful oblivion.

Eugene was just a statistic. The whole coast was ravaged by the merciless anger of the sea, and many people lost their lives that day.

ANNE RAMSDEN, VI A.

SUNDAY EVENING IN APRIL

The month of April is soon drawing to a close. Tonight as I walked back from church I could see the beautiful red sunset on the western horizon. Clouds were floating by in a subtle manner knowing night would soon fall upon them.

Although it was relatively warm a slight breeze nudged my hat and played through my hair. As I drew closer to the school I could see the sad golden fields slowly coming alive after a long and cold winter. The small brook comes trickling through the field and under the road in such a delightful manner that I believed it to be singing a song. A small chipmunk scurried up one of the school's many trees, surrendering itself to the night.

As I walked up the pebble driveway to the school, a longing desire for eternity filled my heart. Sunday evening would soon be coming to an end and I would look back upon tonight as one of many yesterdays in my past.

SHEILA FERGUSON, Matric.

IDLENESS

Everything in the room looked unused. The webbed carpeting had no sign of soiled footprints. The polished woodwork of the cannonball bed gave a look of idleness. With pink and white carnations in a vase on the victorian table, the room was given a stationary air. Veiling cranberry curtains and an unwrinkled bedspread revealed a dainty feminine pattern on the humble walls. In this quietness the grandfather clock's tick gave a finishing touch of idleness.

DIANA HORAX, V A.

FAREWELL TO THE MERRY SEASON

Everything was still. The trees stood stalwart, the weight of snow being light on their branches. The peacefulness of the joyous Christmas season still lingered. A light covering of snow blanketed the grass and the light winds caused a pleasant sensation on one's face. A few ornaments still decorated houses, as if owners wished to delay the passing season.

Suddenly, as if a switch had been raised, snow began to fall more heavily, the winds stirred more violently, and every bit of visibility was destroyed. Windows began to rattle as the stinging, biting wind forced itself against them. Trees staggered under the weight of the thick white masses, and their branches appeared melancholy and defeated. Cars inched their way along the road as snow swirled about the windows blinding the bewildered drivers. Up went the collars as citizens hastened to their destinations, hugging their coats tightly.

The snow had ceased to fall. A whole new change of scenery was effected. Everything appeared to be a mass of white. A new smell of freshness and crispness floated in the air. Once again everything was tranquil, but in a contrary way. The December scene had vanished for another year. January had performed her "grand entré."

ELAINE ABOUD, VI B.

THE MUSICAL BROOK

Right behind our house about a quarter of a mile away there is a little brook. I always go over there every Saturday after lunch to dip my warm feet into the cool water. It runs quite quickly for a little brook and when some of the rocks stand in an unbalanced position they move and tumble over and that makes a nice noise under water like "Blup, blup." With the brook streaming down with water sounds, and the birds singing and the trees blowing, my ears feel as if I'm hearing that and only that. It sounds like a choir of musical sounds, but made of a little brook, birds, and wind against the trees.

TERRY ORLANDINI, V B.

A NEW FRIEND

I first saw my new friend as we all filed into our grade one classroom on the first day of school. She sat in the front row and I could see the two big yellow bows that tied her pigtails. I was bewildered and a bit frightened by my new surroundings and I knew that she felt the same way. I noticed that none of the other girls ever played with her, so the next day, I invited her to play hopscotch with me. She gave me a great big smile that made me like her at once and we were best friends from then on. Several of the girls of my class asked me why I played with her and some told me it was wrong. They said their mothers never let them play with little girls like her. I didn't understand and I told them so. From then on both my new friend and I were excluded from the games all the other girls played. Some of them called us names and others just ignored us. But this only made my new friend and I closer still. Then one day I found a short, cruel note in my school bag:

"Sally plays with Negroes!"

DEBBIE MATHESON, VI B.

THE EAGLE

As I walked up the trail to the mountain top a dark shape loomed against the dull grey background of an autumn sky. Placing my binoculars to my eyes I spied an eagle sitting majestic and solitary on a rocky crag. Its breast was proudly puffed out and sharp eyes surveyed the countryside that rolled down before it, as if in homage to the great bird perched on its upraised throne. The powerful body and strong wings stood solid against the cold blowing northwind.

With an upward surge of power he gathered his body under him; head tilted skyward he shot upward and onward ever soaring higher with strong rhythmic beating of his powerful wings. Reaching an immense height he began to glide, floating on the bosom of the wind. Rising and falling with swaying motions, ever peaceful, ever sure, he soared out of sight.

TONI COCHAND, VI A.

THE RAIN

The sky was being enveloped by a dark thundercloud, and it was only a few minutes later when the pitter-patter of rain drops could be heard falling in puddles on the road. Slowly a wind from the North began to blow the tiny drops of rain in all directions. It was the first good rain in over four months. You could almost see the withered plants lapping the water and becoming green before your eyes. Soon the clouds began to clear and a rainbow spread across the sky. Yes, it was true; the drought was over!

BRENDA LLOYD, VI B.

SUNRISE, SUNSET

The brightness of the sun was blinding as I opened the door to the sundeck. Its rays penetrated the mist. The morning was still early, and I advanced towards the water. The salty breeze from the ocean greeted me, softly brushing away some hair that had fallen over one eye. It was going to be a warm day, I thought to myself, as my feet sank into the cool damp sand not yet dried by the new day.

The deep blue horizon appeared endless as I squinted to observe it more closely. Putting one hand over my forehead to block the sun's glare, I noticed a small black speck in the distance. It was probably just a fishing boat and I turned and walked away from the sun. The tide was coming in and I estimated it would be high at noon. The water had been warm this summer — warmer than usual, but it still had a refreshing effect on me. The ocean was a light blue colour today, and the waves were (for the East coast) average in height, about six feet. No one was in sight; the beach was entirely mine. I was surrounded by nature's loveliness. I turned around and started back at a faster pace than when I had left. I was anxious to return to get my surfboard.

The morning was in full swing now; the beach was buzzing with people. The wind had picked up, causing a larger surf. It was high tide; my estimation had been correct. I was greeted by the cold splash of an unexpected wave which sent chills from the edge of my toes to the top of my head. I heaved my surfboard ahead and battled through the waves after it. Then I jumped on it and in a crouching position paddled my way past the breakers. I waited for a good wave to carry me on its crest. I was a mile from shore (but the security of the board put me at ease). Of course I thought about the hazards involved, but the beauty which I saw blocked out my every fear and I felt a surge of relaxation engulf me.

Seeing what appeared to be a perfectly formed wave in the distance I took my position lying prostrate on the board. I paddled furiously in order to reach the crest of the wave at the right moment. My arms ached from the strain and I felt every muscle working with me. I balanced into an upright position and crossed my fingers, hoping that the wave would carry me to shore. The wave appeared higher and the shore farther away. I was riding smoothly when . . . It happened so quickly I did not have time to prepare myself. A Shark! It was about four feet long and thirty feet from my board. I tried to control my fear and not panic so that I could keep the board steady. It

seemed more difficult to keep my balance this time than it ever had before. I took a deep breath and concentrated — concentrated harder than I had realized possible. My legs felt as if they were about to collapse and my body was weak and tired. I was praying that the wave would not diminish in size and fizzle out before I was past the sandbar.

I reached the edge of the shore and sat motionless on the sand. The wet sand was cold and uncomfortable while the waves washed over my feet. I took a deep breath; a sigh of relief filled my whole body. I looked up towards the blue eternity expecting to see the shark — nothing. Was it a shark?

I was shaking now from the cold air and the shock. The tide had gone down considerably and the sun was a large orange ball in the west. It was going to be a nice day tomorrow, I thought to myself, as I picked up a damp towel and wrapped it around me. The wind blew my wet hair off my face, dripping the water on my back. I looked around the beach, but saw no one. A smile filled my heart and I winked at the sun. Tomorrow will be a new day. I continued up the dunes.

FRANCINE SAWDON, Matric.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE

Swiftly the graceful young horse galloped across the field. It was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. The horse was coal black from head to tail. When it was galloping it was as though it was on air. As it wound through the trees in the forest all you could hear was the snapping of twigs under its feet and the green leaves brushing against its silky side. Finally the beautiful creature reached its destination and plunged into the river for a cool bath. When it got out it was even more beautiful than before. Shining and glistening in the beaming sun made it seem unreal. Finally it trotted home once again to munch on the luscious green grass in the yard.

MARY MUSGRAVE, V A.

LONELINESS

Oh, it's so lonely at times,
You want to reach out and hold;
It's so lonely at times
Your heart begins to ache.
Have you ever had the feeling?
You're lost to the world,
But no one cares for you.
Then you sit back and wonder
For they say the brave walk alone.

SHEILA FERGUSON, MATRIC.

A BEGINNING

She's leaving home. Things are just too much to take. Her parents don't understand, they won't listen to her — they won't even listen to each other. Her sister is the baby, the darling of the family. No one asks her sister to do any of the work or take any of the responsibility. She resented that, but it didn't matter now — nothing mattered anymore. Why, just this morning she had walked into the kitchen; her mother and step-father were fighting fiercely. She waited until they had shouted each other hoarse, then she began to speak. She tried to explain the feeling of loneliness and rejection she had had so long. She tried to tell them that her life was losing direction, a small row boat against the sea. The struggle was getting too hard — she needed help. They did not even wait for her to finish before they resumed their own argument. When she turned to leave, tears stinging her eyes, no one noticed. She wondered if she would be missed. She sat down on her bed and looked at the three small tablets in her hand — her passport to freedom. She lay down, overcome with weariness, and closed her eyes for the last time. Somewhere downstairs a door opened and slammed shut.

PATRICIA ANDERSON, Matric.

THE SNAKE

The long grass rustled and we stopped short. Slowly my friend tiptoed towards the water of the lagoon where she waited in silence to see what would happen, and something did.

The creature was long, about two feet, and slimy green. The back of it was rather spotted on a yellow stripe. Its eyes glistened like tiny marbles in the bottle-shaped head. Suddenly it flicked its long forked tongue with a hiss and then slithered away in a winding pattern which caused a sliding sound in the wet mud of the bank. Then, with a flash, it was gone.

ANNE MACCULLOCH, V A.

A SUNSET

As you know, a sunset is one of the most beautiful things. It just makes you feel that you would love to run to it to touch it. If it is a bright pink sunset it seems as if the sky is on fire. If you sit on a wall or on the grass and watch it, you can see how fast it moves. One minute you can see the whole sun and then it disappears, bit by bit. Sometimes it looks as if the whole sky has suddenly stopped being lit up with fire and the glow gets less and less. Then we have the after-glow that is purple and then — it is dark.

SALLY HUMPHRIES, V B.

MEDITATION

The sun shines on the glistening salt water. The sand glints in its light and there is no movement except for the scurrying grey sandpipers that chase the sand fleas into the cold wet sand. Hardly a movement stirs the water either, for the tide is low and the day is calm and clear! Not a cloud in the sky and the air is chilly in this morning hour! Life has not quite awakened yet. As I walk along the moist sand I can hear the sea gulls cry as they dive into the cool water in search of their morning food. I can hear the slight sound of action in the streets. The tiny sandpipers pursue the small breakers and then withdraw with their reedy legs moving so fast. I can see the sailfish skim slowly across the surface with a bright blue sail that seems fluorescent against the marine blue water. I can see the hotels in the distance, as if they are lined up along the beach. The urbane lifeguards with their tanned complexions look even darker in the burning sun.

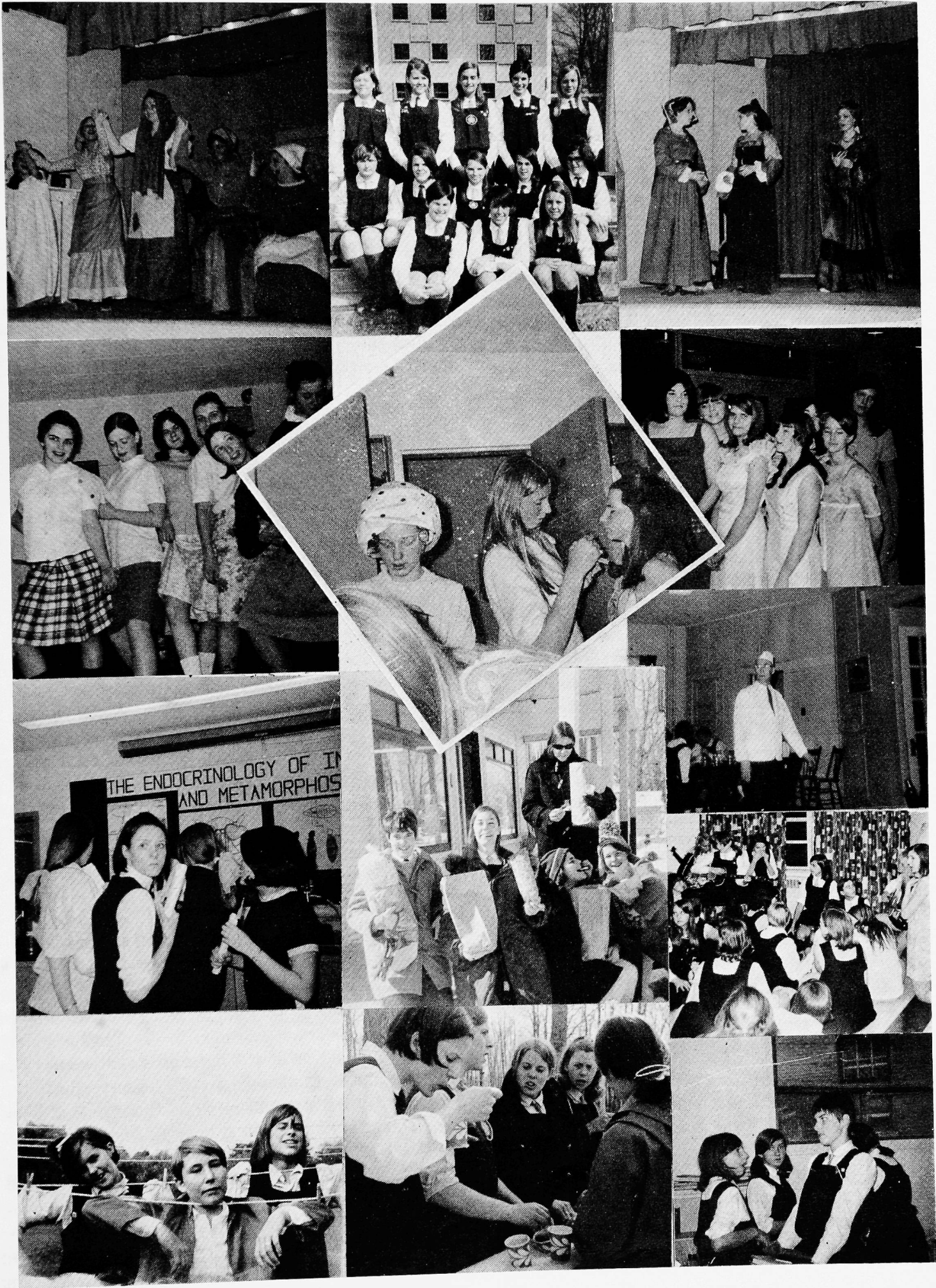
Gradually movement becomes vivacious and children begin to enter the cool water, dropping their bright towels on the beach. The sun becomes hotter and the water becomes choppy, with white-caps covering the surface. I walk farther and farther along the shore. The sandpipers are now gone and the seagulls are resting silently on the beach. Varieties of people cover the sun-baked sand. The shells are near the water's edge and as I look at them the water carries them away into the sea.

The day lingers on, but as the people leave, the beach becomes silent again — as it was in the morning. The lifeguards take down the cabanas and leave me on the beach alone once more. The sea's violence has calmed down and the sandpipers and sea gulls take action. Sand fleas are making air bubbles as the water withdraws from the cold wet sand. They run into the sand so fast, as if they were afraid of the sun. It is completely quiet again except for the sound of traffic in the streets. The sun slowly begins to set and the water is completely calm. The gulls and sandpipers are no longer around. I am left alone to meditate on the quiet and desolate beach.

BILLIE JOHNSTON, VI A.

INDOORS

- 1. "Taking a Bow".....R. SHALOM
- 2. "Bridge Club".....E. STEAD
- 3. "... and then, I said...".....R. SHALOM
- 4. "1968 — the Maxis are coming".....R. SHALOM
- 5. "... and a little dab will do you".....R. SHALOM
- 6. "... and if I get paired off with someone shorter than me.".....L. DUVAL
- 7. "Intellect!".....R. SHALOM
- 8. "Stocking up!".....R. SHALOM
- 9. "Huh?".....D. MALONE
- 10. "a 'sit-in' for more food?".....D. LAU
- 11. "Just hanging around".....J. TAYLOR
- 12. "Ooooh, looks sort of goocy to me!".....E. STEAD
- 13. "You did **what** with your teeth?".....S. JERVIS-READ



POIGNANT MEMORIES

I walked up the cobblestone path to be confronted with two massive wooden doors. When I pulled at one of the rusted rings the door slowly gave way with a loud and eerie creak. As I moved in, a gust of wind blew from behind me and seemed to give me a little push. My footsteps echoed and the wind howled a lonely chant. Before me were many wooden pews covered with dust and cobwebs. As I walked down the aisle I remembered how it had been on my wedding day. I walked on, and stood and stared at the pulpit from where I had heard many long but interesting sermons in my youth. I came to the chancel steps, which I mounted. The choir stalls were also very empty. The big pipe organ reminded me of the lovely music that used to pour forth. Now, the only thing that could be heard was the scurrying of an occasional mouse. I moved towards the altar. It had once been very beautiful, but now it was bare. Here I had been confirmed, here I had had my first Communion, and here I had taken my final vows to be a wife. I turned and walked down to the pews. I stopped at one. Here I had sat at my husband's funeral. Now there was just me . . . and God!

MARTHA COX, VI A.

A SNOWY DAY

When I looked out the window that January morning the world was all white and shining. It was the first winter morning that was really pretty. Not a cloud could be seen in the sky, but a heavenly blue filled the atmosphere. White, sun-sparkled, bare willow trees shadowed the roads. There was not a foot-print showing, only plops of snow that had fallen from the tree branches. I stuck my head out the window and I heard the crunching of the milkman's truck . . . and there came the mailman! The snow must have fallen all night, for there was at least three feet of it. I could have talked and thought to myself for ages about all the lovely things outside, but Mother called me in for breakfast.

ANN PERLEY-ROBERTSON, V B.

THE BIG BAY MARE

The big bay mare had stood quietly since six o'clock
While being groomed from head to hock
The braiding was finished, both mane and tail,
And Bobby had put away comb and pail.
The band was present and so was the judge;
Others were selling peanuts, popcorn and fudge;
Horses were coming and horses were going,
But the big bay mare made no sign of knowing.
She stood in the stable, with head hanging low,
While the shiny clean tack was shuffled to and fro;
The announcer called all to the ready ring

Yet the big bay mare took no notice of the ting.
Bobby mounted the wise bay mare
Yet still she seemed not to care;
The warm-up was quick — over and back—
The mare still looked like an empty sack.
She entered the ring, one ear was pricked up
And steadily walked by the shiny big cup.
The salute was made and the circle done
Before the big bay mare began her fun.
Her tail was raised, and head held in
And Bobby felt the mare could win.
The fences were high, and some were tricky;
Nothing could make the mare go sticky;
The course was completed without a fault
When the big bay mare came to a halt.
The minutes passed slowly as the judges conferred,
But the big bay mare couldn't be disturbed.
Her number was called and she graciously entered.
A big shiny cup was awarded to Bobby
But as for the mare, this was only her hobby!

DALE ELLSON, Matric.

QUEST

When will it be?
Will I find true love
Today—
Tomorrow—
Will I find it ever?
Where shall I go?
Can I find true peace
On earth—
In death—
Can I find it ever?
What shall I do?
Can I search forever
For love—
For peace—
Can I find a world
With both—
Or either?

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, Matric.

THE RAGING STORM

Tattoweeke is a little island in the Carribean Sea. It is usually very quiet and desolate, but on this night the waves seemed to be fighting a duel that would never end. The sand swept across the shores like a sandstorm in the desert; the palm trees swayed back and forth as the growling wind grew angrier. Our shutters beat against the walls as if they were frantic. The windows creaked and groaned and seemed to be begging to come in. Shrill shrieks came from the clump of palm trees. The thunder was stupendous and terrifying and the lightning was clear, a sharp sort of tone. I then realized that a thunder storm can be more exciting than bursting fireworks.

AGNES BEANE, IV A.

COLOMBIA

Colombia fué fundada en 1536 por Jiménez de Quesada; llegó a la Nueva Granada que hoy día es llamada Colombia. Bajo Quesada la expedición llegó a Santa Marta con la ilusión de encontrar no sólo muchas riquezas sino una colonia civilizada. Siguieron en su búsqueda de una leyenda que decía que había un rey indio que se cubría de oro en unas ceremonias religiosas. Salieron con ochocientos españoles y se quedaron con ciento sesenta y seis después de un horrible viaje lleno de miserias y terribles tragedias; llegaron a la Sabana, hoy la capital de Colombia. Bogotá; todavía con la ilusión de encontrar al Dorado. En el Siglo diez y ocho la Nueva Granada llegó a ser un virreinato separado del Perú. Después de la guerra Bolívar fué elegido presidente y Santander vice-presidente del nuevo estado independiente. Bolívar es conocido como el libertador de Colombia y Venezuela.

Geograficamente Colombia está muy bien situado. Es el único país sudamericano que tiene acceso al Atlántico y al Pacífico. Colombia tiene el río Magdalena que pasa por el centro del país. Colombia consiste de muchos llanos donde vive la mayoría de la población en las tres cadenas de los andes — las cordilleras que se extienden por el este, el oeste y al norte de Venezuela.

Había varios grupos raciales como los creoles, gachupines, godos y los indios nativos que se mezclaron con los blancos y se llamaron mestizos. Estos grupos estaban muy bien desarrollados y hasta hoy día se usan los implementos y invenciones que ellos usaban. Luego la población se dividió entre los muy ricos y los pobres. La clase media casi no existía.

Colombia tiene varias ciudades muy importantes aparte de Bogotá que tiene hermosos edificios gubernales, parques y disfruta de un clima frío todo el año, sobre todo porque está en una Sabana. Cali está al sur de Colombia, es una ciudad que tiene una primavera eterna; la gente es industriosa, inteligente e imaginativa. Barranquilla en cambio está en la costa y tiene un clima sumamente caloroso y húmedo, pero con unas playas más bellas que las de Europa. Otras ciudades importantes son: Medellín, Popayán y Manizales.

La Arquitectura es una mezcla de edificios y casas más modernas que los de los Estados Unidos y también con arquitectura de la Antigua España.

Los Colombianos son muy aficionados a los deportes, en especial el fútbol y las corridas de toros. Cada ciudad tiene sus fiestas en las cuales combinan los deportes. Pour ejemplo en diciembre las ferias están en Cali, hay ocho días de puras fiestas con disfraces y reinas; en esta semana ocurren las corridas con los toreros más famosos del mundo. Colombia no tiene muy buena transportación. Los pocos ferrocarriles que hay son más bien de carga. Las carreteras son peligrosas y mal construidas así que la mayoría de los viajes son hechos por avión.

Colombia es un país muy interesado en desarrollar su cultura. Hay muchos colegios y universidades excelentes, hay muchos teatros, griles, cines, librerías, museos etc. que representan toda la historia de este país y de sus productos. Los productos que más se exportan son café y esmeraldas; aparte de éstos hay: platino, oro, petróleo, cueros, cacao y muchos otros que abundan por todo Colombia.

Politicamente Colombia ha tenido épocas buenas y malas. Desafortunadamente este país ha tenido presidentes muy regulares e incapaces. En una época Colombia tenía un dictador Rojas Pinilla que destruyó mucha de la democracia de este país. Hubo varias revoluciones entre los grupos políticos pero hoy día Colombia tiene un presidente que está mejorando a Colombia en todos sentidos. (Lleras Restrepo).

La vida social en Colombia ha seguido la tradición española, las familias son muy estrictas. Las familias son muy unidas y la nueva generación tiene mucho respeto y cariño hacia sus padres.

Los Colombianos son gente alegre, hospitalaria, cariñosa, que llevan una vida despreocupada. Dejan todo para "luego o mañana," nunca tienen prisa. Todos los días sin falta se hace una siesta desde las doce hasta las dos de la tarde, cuando se vuelve a abrir el comercio. Casi todas las familias tienen servicio que les cocinan, lavan, planchan y arreglan la casa. ¿Qué más se puede pedir? En general Colombia es un país hermoso, agradable que está progresando día a día. Si ustedes van a venir algún día a Latino América vengan a Colombia!

RAQUEL SHALOM, Matric.



STAFF CHANGES 1967

Each year sees some changes in Staff. Last June we were very sorry indeed to say "good-bye" to Mrs. Yarrill, Miss Coleman, and Miss Hoult.

For eleven years we had the privilege of being taught French three days a week by Mrs. Yarrill, who came over from Lennoxville. All who were associated with her appreciated her wide culture, her wit and her charm. We hope that she will enjoy her leisure in the new house in Lennoxville into which she and Professor Yarrill recently moved.

Although Miss Coleman and Miss Hoult were at King's Hall for only two years they took an enthusiastic interest in every phase of school life, Miss Hoult helping with many of the sports. They made numerous friends throughout the school and are genuinely missed. Miss Coleman is teaching Geography in a high school in Sarnia, Ontario, while Miss Hoult has joined the Mathematics department of Mountainview High School, Otterburn Park, Que. We send them our greetings and regards.

It was with great pleasure that we learned of Mrs. Clifton's return to the Staff in January. Now that her little boys do not need her undivided attention she has found time to come to us four days a week. We also welcome Miss Richardson, from Manchester, England. Her Geography classes are most stimulating, judging by the numerous projects on which her pupils are engaged.

Miss Duquet from Westmount, Que., is taking Miss Hoult's place in the Mathematics department, while Madame Côté of Sherbrooke brings a breath of the outside world into the French classes. We all hope that these new friends have liked us well enough to return next year.

STAFF CHANGES 1968

For the past four years the music at King's Hall has been under the competent guidance of *Miss Nancy Bennett*. She has also assisted in dramatics. Her work with the Church Choir has enhanced the atmosphere of the times of worship; her direction in dramatics has added to our times of entertainment. Girls who have sung and studied under her direction will value her contribution to the music

and drama of King's Hall. We sincerely hope that Miss Bennett will be happy in the environment of her new school in England.

Miss Linda Loader has been the efficient director of Physical Education at King's Hall for three years. As instructor in swimming she has helped many girls win their Bronze Medallions and Bronze Crosses. On the playing field the school teams have participated in intramural and interscholastic soft ball and soccer. In the gym, students have had fun preparing physical exercise and tumbling displays for Closing Day. When Miss Loader returns to her home in Rhodesia, we hope she will sometimes think with longing of the 10° below zero days when she took her girls to the Canadian Ski slopes.

Miss Eve Morton has always been ready and able at a moment's notice to produce artistic posters or effective scenery for school plays. Her versatility has inspired her students to attempt many forms of art and crafts, from rug making through the more conventional sketching and painting to mobiles of every type, shape and colour. Art displays have given pleasure to us all and shown how much talent can be developed by an able leader. Miss Morton will return to Scotland this summer, King's Hall will miss her cheerful presence but we all wish her a happy future.

Few Canadians have covered as much of North America in a whole lifetime of travel as these three from the British Isles have done in a few short years — Alaska to Mexico — Nova Scotia to California — nothing has been ignored. We hope that they will always carry with them — not only numerous slides but many happy memories of their sojourn on this side of the Atlantic.

For two years *Mrs. Carr* has looked after our Juniors, last year at the Cottage and this year in the Junior Wing of Gillard House. She has given unstintingly of her time to help and amuse her charges. She will be greatly missed by all as she returns to her beloved Maritimes and her own old school. Good luck and please don't forget King's Hall and the happy times we have had.





STAFF

Row I: MISS LECOURS, MISS MORTON, MISS STICKNEY, MR. ROBERTS, MISS KEYZER
 Row II: MISS RICHARDSON, MME COTÉ, MISS EVANS, MISS MACLENNAN, MRS. CLIFTON
 Row III: MISS WALLACE, MRS. CUTTING, MADEMOISELLE CAILTEUX, MISS WHIGHT, MRS. BAGLEY
 Row IV: MISS LOADER, MISS MORRIS, MISS BRITTON, MISS HEWSON

Autographs

K. H. C. O. G. A.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

1967-1968

Executive of the Montreal Branch

President.....	Mrs. Nigel Thompson (Heather Rogers)
1st Vice-President.....	Miss Judith Taylor
Treasurer:.....	Mrs. Ross Adair (Joanne Miller)
Recording Secretary:.....	Mrs. Robert Faith (Heather Mackenzie)
Corresponding Secretary:.....	Mrs. Anson McKim (Fiona Bogert)
Representative of the 1967 Graduates:.....	Miss Robin Marshall

MARRIAGES

Elizabeth Anne Hampson to Mr. Robert Duncan Peterson, June 24, 1967, in Montreal.

Jennifer Woods to Mr. Gordon Ross McIntosh, July 8, 1967, in Montreal.

Gillian Margaret Angus to Mr. Michel Côté, July 26, 1967, in Montreal.

Sonja Vilas Sharp to Mr. John Ross Newman, September 9, 1967, in Montreal.

Diana Lorraine Russel to Mr. Malcolm Fraser Blakely, September 29, 1967, in Montreal.

Martha Grace Cassils to Mr. Peter George MacDonald, October 1967, in Montreal.

Stephanie Ann Hutchins to Mr. James Richard Caldicott, March 30, 1968, in Montreal.

Sandra Leslie Hamilton to Mr. Kenneth Edgar Pearce, October 14, 1967, in Vancouver.

Marilyn Elizabeth Cowie to Mr. Terence Robert Lambourne, July 29, 1967, in Quebec City.

Elizabeth Ann Paterson to Mr. William Christopher Dougall, October 17, 1967, in Fort William.

Katharine Georgina Mills to Mr. Albert Tracy Johnson Jr., June 10, 1967, in Montreal.

Sherry Joan Taylor to Mr. John Marshall Reid, April 27, 1968, in Toronto.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Thompson (Heather Rogers) March 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl D. Dennis (Marjorie McMaster) March 1967, a son, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bell (Ginny Price) March 1967, a son, St. Johns, Nfld.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald (Penny Throsby) April 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Cabot (Gabrielle De Kuyper) April 1967, a son, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heenan (Rae McCulloch) April 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Van Alstyne (Susan Kilgour) May 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Campbell (Sheila Williams) May 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Egerton Brown (Margaret Ogilvie) May 1967, a son, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian H. Rutherford (Jill Woods) June 1967, a son, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Kelly (Claire Hudson) September 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Schmidt (Mary Jane Hutchison) October 1967, a daughter, Sydney, Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall (Diane Taylor) November 1967, a son, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitty Jones (Nona Hopper) November 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow (Sally Scott) November 1967, a daughter, Perth, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Molson (Jane Mitchell) November 1967, a son, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Henderson (Lorna Murray) December 1967, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon S. Currie (Brenda Cuthbertson) January 1968, a daughter, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Johnston (Heather Maclaren) January 1968, a daughter, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Griffin (Judith Robb) January 1968, a son, Peterborough.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian H. Black (Shirley Eakin) February 1968, a son, Montreal.

Rev. and Mrs. Carl G. Hotton (Janet McNab) February 1968, a son, Waterville, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Perez (Denise Shalom) March 1968, a daughter, Cali, Colombia.

Staff Directory

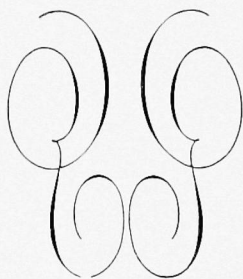
Miss A. Gillard, Box 303, North Hatley, Que.
 Mrs. E. Bagley, Box 34, Main Street, Waterville, Que.
 Miss N. M. Bennett, St. Andrew's, 22 High Street,
 Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, England.
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 Mlle O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Mrs. B. Carr, Woodstock, N.B.
 Mrs. J. Clifton, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 Mme L. Côté, 1363 Amherst Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
 Mrs. R. Cutting, R.R. No. 6, Coaticook, Que.
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 Miss G. Evans, Box 71, Sawyerville, Que.
 Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, Que.
 Mrs. R. S. Jervis-Read, 54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.
 Miss G. Keyzer, 9 Hanover Court, Marblehead, Mass., U.S.A.
 Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Mlle C. Lecours, 12 Campbell Street, Beebe, Stanstead Co.,
 Que.
 Miss M. Loader, Arundel School, Box A91, Avondale,
 Salisbury, Rhodesia.
 Miss F. A. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.
 Miss M. S. Morris, 5 Gibson Avenue, Grimsby, Ont.
 Miss E. Morton, c/o Sholto Morton, Bellrope Cottage,
 Great Leighs, Essex, England.
 Miss S. Richardson, King's Hall, Compton, Que.
 Rev. D. F. Roberts, The Rectory, Compton, Que.
 Miss D. Stickney, Florenceville, N.B.
 Miss D. E. Wallace, Box 1115, Lennoxville, Que.
 Miss M. Whight, 321 Eastern Valley Way, Middle Cove
 2068, N.S.W., Australia.

School Directory

E. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, Que.
 E. Adair—56 Chesterfield Avenue, Westmount, Que.
 T. Aguayo—Insurgentes sur 1921, San Angel, Mexico 20,
 D.F. Mexico
 K. Ahamed—90 La Salle Street, Apt. 14A, New York 27,
 New York, U.S.A.
 J. Aird—140 Jasper Avenue, Montreal 16, Que.
 P. Anderson—23 Lower Links Road, Willowdale, Ont.
 J. Aylward—216 Watson Avenue, Oakville, Ont.
 F. Barker—c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd., Kirkvine P.O., Jamaica,
 W.I.
 G. Barker—c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd., Kirkvine P.O., Jamaica,
 W.I.
 A. Beane—P.O. Box 6, Wilmington, North Carolina, U.S.A.
 C. Beattie—Apartado del Este 5713, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
 B. Bishop—618 Victoria Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
 C. Bowie—16 Linksgate Road, London, Ont.
 A. Brown—225 South Lafayette Boulevard, South Bend,
 Indiana, U.S.A.
 V. Buchanan—33 Orchard Court Portman Square
 London W.I., Eng.
 C. Butterworth—706 Upper Roslyn Avenue, Westmount,
 Que.
 S. Butterworth—706 Upper Roslyn Avenue, Westmount,
 Que.
 N. Carter—3555 Atwater Avenue, Apt. 214, Montreal 25,
 Que.
 A. Chan—5615 Cape Mansions, 56 Mount Davis Road,
 Pokfulam, Hong Kong
 N. Chan—5615 Cape Mansions, 56 Mount Davis Road,
 Pokfulam, Hong Kong
 T. Cochand—Chalet "Les Rosiers" Gstaad, Switzerland
 K. Collier—"Vista Hermosa," Longford Road, Warwick,
 Bermuda
 J. Conn—134 Coulston Avenue, Asbestos, Que.
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 M. Cox—3330 Lajoie, Three Rivers, Que.
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 M. Cressy—Box 359, Buckingham, Que.
 P. Dean—378 Russell Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ont.
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C. Dunlop—270 Berlinguet Terrace, Three Rivers, Que.
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 D. Ellson—Tandalee Farms, Knowlton, Que.
 T. Ellson—Tandalee Farms, Knowlton, Que.
 S. Ferguson—123 Rolland Street, Ste. Adele, Que.
 R. Fowler—36 Summit Circle, Westmount, Que.
 C. Fox—84 Burpee Avenue, Saint John, N.B.
 A. Francés—Colonia San Benito-Calle La Reforma 158,
 San Salvador, El Salvador, C.A.
 M. Francés—Colonia San Benito-Calle La Reforma 158,
 San Salvador, El Salvador, C.A.
 J. Fuller—17 Park Avenue, Lennoxville, Que.
 V. Fuller—17 Park Avenue, Lennoxville, Que.
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 Guatemala, C.A.
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 P. Hay—Hawthorne Farms, Prescott, Ont.
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 S. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting Street, Coaticook, Que.
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 W.I.
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- L. Setlakwe—633 Nortre Dame Street, Thetford Mines, Que.
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 M. Wilson—Ridge Road, Hudson Heights, Que.
 K. Winser—4451 Western Avenue, Westmount, Que.
 N. Worthen—469 Halldon Place, Ottawa 14, Ont.
 S. Wotherspoon—5 Whitney Avenue, Toronto 5, Ont.



Autographs

2 DEAR VICKEE, 2

Hi, HOWS LIFE, ALWAYS REMEMBER ME, PLEASE.

WE WERE GREAT FRIENDS AND I DON'T THINK I
WILL FORGET YOU TOO EASILY!

REMEMBER THE TIME (LAST YEAR) WHEN
YOU THREW ME IN THE BATHTUB (CLOTHES + ALL!!)
AND THEN I EMPTIED ALL YOUR CLOTHES ON YOUR
BED!!

OR HOW BOUT THE TREE YOU HAVE TRIED TO CLIMB AGAIN & AGAIN!



Good luck with Kiddy next year.
I don't think she'll even touch Gilly though.
Just think, you'll have to get appointments...
no more kisses!

lots of love (and I hope the bird
of Paradise cleans up the crap off your head!)

AUG 5

K/SSC5

David

1500

020050

509 D Claremont Ave,
Westmount
Que.

} I think my phone number
is 487-4140.

